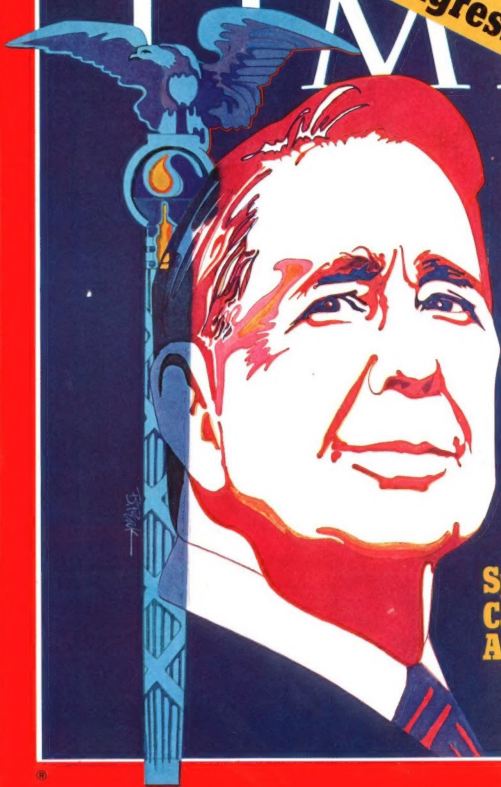


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(Just a tip of what's out.)

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Photo courtesy World Health Organization

LETTERS

With Decency and Hope

Sir: Thank you for the beautiful picture and cover story on Ali MacGraw [Jan. 11]. To begin the new year with such decency and hope will not only affect our youth but their parents too.

(MRS.) MYRTLE HUNTINGTON
Rochester, Vt.

Sir: Your article on "The return to romanticism" is the best historical study of the last decade and prediction of the next that I have read.

Arise, America! You inspire a culture to settle about you.

DANIEL D. GERSTEIN
Durham, N.H.

Sir: The hip generation is just beginning to find out what grandma always knew: sex without love is a big zero.

JANE M. CHRISTMAN
Norwalk, Conn.

Sir: *Love Story* has a few tender moments. The rest is sarcasm, one-upmanship and slang. People must be starved for tenderness to rate the story so high in romance.

DOROTHY PIERCE
Dallas

Sir: Segal had to kill off Jenny; their marriage was doomed. What love can survive "never having to say you're sorry"?

(MRS.) MARILYN ROSS
Madison, Wis.

Sir: Once upon a time, when 90% of the material offered by the media was romantic, some concerned people suggested that perhaps the media should give us something more relevant and realistic.

Then everyone in the media began to create relevant things, until 90% of the material offered by the media was relevant.

The moral of the story is obvious: the American people are human beings who are common in their diversity, who like relevance and romanticism, and who have not gone anywhere from which to return.

ROBERT B. MARTIN JR.
North Hollywood

Is It Treason?

Sir: Chancellor Willy Brandt is indeed Man of the Year [Jan. 4]. At last Germany has a government that accepts the realities of World War II. It is very important that we, the Germans, come to terms with our neighbors, especially our eastern neighbors, who were the victims of criminal Nazi terror. The organizations of refugees from the former German territories always condemn Brandt's new *Ostpolitik* with such ominous terms as "treachery." I ask only, "Is it treason to accept the realities?"

HANS-WALTER HOJNICKI
Nettetal, Germany

Sir: A perfect choice! When a Protestant German Chancellor falls to his knees in Catholic Poland before a monument to slain Jews, there is hope for all of us in this young world.

JAMES J. GARRETT
San Francisco

Sir: It is a basic fact that the weight of orthodox, conservative German militarism has always been for a shared hegemony,

with Russia, over Europe. Only the grandiose ego of Hitler, who tried to deprive his fellow conspirator, Russia, of its share of the loot, led him to fight the Soviets against the plan and advice of his general staff. Germany and Russia have been the top culprits in the bloodletting of the past 50 years. It is naive to think that their men of power want peace for the sake of peace.

MOREY R. BENSMAN
Milwaukee

Sir: The old wise man of the West, Konrad Adenauer, is dead and forgotten. Forgotten also is his pearl of wisdom: "Only the silliest calf chooses its own butcher."

KORNELIUS PURGALIS
Seattle

Building Womanpower

Sir: As a mother of two and wife of a physician, I read your article about women in medicine [Jan. 11] with great interest. Being 1½ years out of an internship at Cook County Hospital in Chicago, where I not uncommonly worked 128 hours a week—and at least 90 hours—with no days off, I have some insight into the problem. Most women are not only willing to work as hard as men but often do more than their share to "prove" their sincerity. The part-time training programs will help alleviate some of the obstacles. This is certainly a more realistic approach than losing our womanpower entirely.

(MRS.) RUTH G. RAMSEY, M.D.
Chicago

Sir: Hospital residencies are designed to provide 24-hour care for the ill and to provide residents with the maximum patient exposure needed to produce a well-rounded, intelligent and capable physician. The problems of medicine do not cease to exist on nights, weekends and holidays. Indeed, there are some experiences that can be gained only by being on duty during the odd hours. To allow female residents the opportunity not to work these hours would be to produce a physician who is not as well trained as her male counterpart. This is something neither the hospital, the patients nor the physician herself could or should tolerate.

JEFFREY V. RABUFFO, M.D.
Georgetown University Hospital
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Perhaps the patients could be deep-frozen holidays and weekends.

(MRS.) ANN LESLIE N. MOORE
Quincy, Mass.

Sir: Male medical students also need to spend time with their families; their irregular and grueling schedules no doubt play an important role in doctors' infamously high divorce rates. And 36-hour shifts are hardly conducive to good medical practice. A reformation should attract not only qualified females but qualified males who previously have also been reluctant to make such spartan sacrifices.

HELEN W. REMICK
Davis, Calif.

No More

Sir: A loud ovation for Congress on their recent ban of cigarette advertising from television [Jan. 11]. No more disillusionment of springtime in winter, tasteless

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THE AMAZING TRIM-JEANS TAKE OFF INCHES WHERE THEY NEED TO COME OFF. Your trim-jeans are designed to give you just the reducing effect you need...where you need it...and the price of the trim-jeans is just \$13.95 and each pair carries a FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Here is the slenderizer supreme—trim-jeans—which we sincerely believe to be the easiest, fastest, most convenient, most sensationally effective waist, abdomen, hip and thigh reducer ever discovered—with the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history. So if you want trimmer, slimmer, sleeker measurements and you want them now, send for your trim-jeans today.

GARY COOVER: "I got my physique into excellent shape...tighter, firmer and 10½ inches trimmer with these great trim-jeans. It took just a few minutes a day over the 3 day period during which I lost 3½ inches from my waist, 3¼ inches from my abdomen, 1½ inches from my hips and a total of 2½ inches off my thighs. Terrific results...a terrific product!"

GERRY ROSE: "Trim-jeans actually re-made my figure in just three days. If I hadn't seen it happen, I would say it was impossible—but in this brief period of time, my appearance underwent a dramatic and thrilling transformation. Imagine, in just three days, I lost 2¼ inches off my waist, 2 inches off my tummy, over 3 inches off each thigh and 4 inches off my hips! This adds up to a total loss of 14½ excess inches. Trim-jeans have given me a trim and shapely figure of which I am truly proud."

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Mrs. Mary Lou Wilhelm: "Following the trim-jeans program, I reduced my waist 2½ inches, my abdomen by 2 inches, my hips by 2 inches and my thighs by 2½ inches each—I ate normally—I took just 3 days—and the inches have stayed off."

Richard Martin: "I trimmed a total of 10½ inches off my midsection, hips and thighs in 3 days with trim-jeans—actually lost 7½ inches in one 30 minute period first time I used them. During the 3 days my waist came down from 36 inches to 33½ inches and my abdomen from 41 inches to 36½ inches."

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Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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bad grammar, tar and nicotine counts, special filtration and Micronite filters, cigarette-holder comparisons, dancing and singing cigarette packs, smokers who would rather fight than switch, etc. Now let's eliminate smoking in public places.

THÉRÈSE E. NOVAK
Chesapeake, Va.

Sir: I can assure you that Philip Morris has no plans to get around the law by arranging telecasts of the Virginia Slims Invitational Tennis Tournament, at the Marlboro-U.S. Auto Club Championship Trail, the fact is that Marlboro agreed to sponsor this major series of auto races long before ABC and the U.S. Auto Club arranged coverage of some of the races on *Wide World of Sports*. And that arrangement was made solely between ABC and the Auto Club—without Marlboro participation.

The last paragraph of the article is literally unbelievable in its flat statement that "tobaccosmen are also discussing the potentially heady market for marijuana." The simple fact is that marijuana is an illegal product. As a responsible company, we have no interest here at Philip Morris in anything that is illegal and we have held no discussions nor made any plans concerning the marketing of such a product.

JOSEPH F. CULLMAN III
Chairman of the Board
Philip Morris Inc.
Manhattan

Sir: The sponsorship of sporting events by our company is emphatically not for the purpose of gaining broadcast-audience exposure for any R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. product that cannot be advertised on radio or television. With respect to marijuana, Reynolds is not now considering

—nor have we ever considered—the eventual sale of any product containing marijuana in Puerto Rico or any other place in the world.

W.S. SMITH
President
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sir: Lorillard is sponsoring no sporting events of any type in the U.S. We have no intention of sponsoring any type of event, sporting or otherwise, which would result in our circumventing the law banning cigarette advertising on the broadcast media. We will live up to the letter and intent of the law.

We have on numerous occasions categorically denied any interest in or involvement with marijuana. We confirm that denial again today.

CURTIS H. JUDGE
President
Lorillard Corporation
Manhattan

► Other major companies in the cigarette industry have also denied any part in the rumored involvement with marijuana, and TIME is glad to accept their assurances.

Patient Too Long

Sir: Long live the Jewish Defense League [Jan. 11]. Your article was most enlightening, and to me reassuring. However, comparing the J.D.L., a purely defensive organization, to the Black Panthers is ludicrous and misleading.

We have been patient for too long. In all social upheavals we have been sacrificed to other peoples' causes. At this time the black militants have allocated to us this role, reasoning no doubt that no catastrophe has befallen us here as yet. But never again! Jews who disagree with the J.D.L.'s ideology are the hypocrites, probably the very same who urged their co-religionists to silence in America while the European Jews burned.

But at last we are no longer willing to play the Gentile's game, be he a religious white bigot or black militant. We won't be anyone's passive victim.

CORINE SKORSKI
Oak Park, Mich.

Sir: Sad. All through the centuries, the Jews were the people of the book, scholars and sages, exalting mind over muscle. But the bravos came only after the dubious victory of the Six-Day War.

Sad also that now that karate may rate as high as culture, Jewish blows will be aimed, even though defensively, at ghetto blacks and browns, who like czarist peasants release pain via scapegoats. In the ghettos, the chosen scapegoats are part of the result rather than the cause of the plight of poor people, who would get no better break from black shopkeepers.

(MRS.) GLADY FOREMAN
Los Angeles

Sir: It is worthwhile to ponder Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir's comment, that when peace will come to the Middle East, she will forgive the Arabs for everything except the fact that they have forced Jews to kill in battle.

(RABBI) MARVIN J. SPIEGELMAN
Cleveland

Rate Increases

Sir: The statement in your Press section [Jan. 18] that second-class mailing rates will be raised by at least 50% this year

is at variance with published statements of present Post Office Department officials as well as provisions of the new law under which we recently appointed Postal Rate Commission will operate.

Postal officials have indicated that they will ask the rate commission for the maximum allowable across-the-board temporary rate increase—33½%.

STEPHEN KELLY
President
Magazine Publishers Ass'n
Manhattan

Required Reading

Sir: Your welfare article [Jan. 4] should be required reading for all welfare people in our federal and state bureaucratic hideouts.

The cure for this is to add Mayor Lindsay and all the city officials and welfare personnel on federal and state levels, who have contributed to this situation the ranks of the permanently unemployed.

JAMES F. MORTINSON
Glendive, Mont.

From Howard to Johnson's

Sir: General South must be kidding. Does he honestly find something tragic in a lot of "crummy, small highways" [Jan. 11]? I found the roads perfectly maintained and the scenery gorgeous.

Tourism in beautiful New England could only be hampered by an interlocking network of interstate highways. To enhance it, they need only advertise more "crummy, small highways."

We all know that snow-skiing thrives in this area despite any conditions, bad or good. And can you imagine going from Howard Johnson's to Howard Johnson's on a scenic trip of beautiful, untouched New England?

MRS. THOMAS M. PHILLIPS
Columbus

Sir: With so many of the major cities of this country depressed up to their eyebrows despite highways unlimited, it makes no economic sense and even less conservation sense to support a program that will cost the Federal Government millions of dollars and do damage to the one outstanding feature of the states in question—their unspoiled beauty—to bring some mythical industry to some nonexistent city. If the ports of New York City and Boston are dying economically, it must be from lack of use, not from lack of highways.

PATRICIA HEARD
Lexington, Mass.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

IN reporting the fashion industry's plunge into midskirts last year, TIME went out on a limb and predicted that leg lovers would somehow stage a counterattack. They have, and with a vengeance, as is made clear in this week's Modern Living section in a story and color pictures on fashion's latest sensation—the superb hot pants. The new phenomenon startles even devotees of the miniskirt. Reporter-Researcher Mary Themo, who provided much of the legwork for the story, is enthusiastic about the hemline's latest caprice and is looking for the "right pair" for her own wardrobe. Writer Johanna Davis has a few more doubts. Before starting to work on the week's assignment, she acquired a pair of satin patchwork hot pants and modeled them for her family. "I stood in what I thought was a fetching pose, sucking in my stomach and flashing a semigeniune smile," she recalls. "They just laughed." But Fashion Watcher Davis admits that she is usually not as trendy as the models and designers whom she covers. "I resisted pants for years until my mother, who is 73, began wearing pantsuits," she recalls. For hot pants, she sees a market that may not be mass but at least sounds appealing: "Tall, thin blondes in the summer."

SIMON RATHAN



FASHION WATCHER DAVIS

TIME's cover story this week deals with an institution a good many miles from Seventh Avenue but one that seems increasingly close to everyone: the Congress of the United States on the occasion of its 92nd opening and the selection of Carl Albert as Speaker of the House. Most of the reporting was done by Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil, who has covered Capitol Hill for 22 years, 13 of them for TIME. With the help of a network of contacts, MacNeil has developed an uncanny ability to spot trends developing; during the last Congress he was among the first to report Republican Senate Leader Hugh Scott's leadership problems, Richard Nixon's growing disenchantment with the Senate and Robert Byrd's budding chances to capture the post of Senate whip.

"It is the only branch of Government that is wide open," says MacNeil. "There are always talkative members. Most of them are open and gregarious. It's a place where an enthusiastic reporter can get fascinating stories all the time." To catch up on the latest thinking of Oklahoma's Albert, whom he has known well for years, MacNeil spent more than five hours interviewing the new Speaker. In New York, the story was written by Associate Editor Ed Magnuson, whose 23 previous cover stories have included Senator Harry Byrd Sr., William Fulbright and two of TIME's recent cover appraisals of a Senate graduate—Richard Nixon.

WALTER BENNETT



MacNEIL WITH ALBERT

The Cover: Watercolor on colored paper by Bob Peak.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

J.F.K. Revised

A decade of war, social upheaval and uncertainty has blurred and shifted the memory of that crisp, snow-covered day when the New Frontier began ten years ago last week. Not only on the college campuses and in the underground press, but also in liberal journals, John F. Kennedy's ringing Inaugural Address now seems hollow, even dangerous to some of those who once admired it.

Using the hateful and typical invective of the day, a student editor at the University of Wisconsin calls Kennedy "one of the bigger pigs," although he admits, "I cried when he was killed." Speaking for a growing "revisionist" view of J.F.K. in the *New Republic*, Gerald Clarke calls the speech "jingoistic, a Monroe Doctrine for the globe itself." The *New York Times's* Anthony Lewis notes that Kennedy's promise to "pay any price, bear any burden . . . to assure the survival and success of liberty" appears, in retrospect, to have been the summons to Viet Nam. His subsequent promise to put man on the moon seems to many today an empty goal on a planet festering with pollution.

Says Washington *Post* Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman: "Ten years later, people finally heard the words; all they heard before was the music." Perhaps heroes are made and unmade too casually—and cruelly—especially by the young. How fair is it to judge 1961 by the passions of 1971? The most damaging evidence against Kennedy is the distance the nation has moved since his inauguration. The inescapable reply to the evidence is that John Kennedy never had the chance to move with it.

A Need for Inventiveness

After six days of a wildcat walkout, the biggest police strike in the U.S. since Boston's in 1919, more than 20,000 New York patrolmen returned to their jobs last week. Somehow, as they usually do, New Yorkers had muddled through. Crime did not rise, despite dire predictions that every gangster and petty criminal would have a field day, and traffic was no more snarled than usual. The fact that detectives, sergeants and ranking officers stayed on the job and that the weather was bitterly cold helped keep things quiet. One psychologist praised the "incredible self-discipline" of New Yorkers, a "different breed with an innate sense of their own survival."

Far beyond New York's viability, the strike raised an increasingly troublesome

question: How does government prevent walkouts by essential public employees? The cops were not kept on the job by New York State's antistrike Taylor Law; nor have similar statutes elsewhere kept firemen, nurses and sanitation men from walkouts in the past. University of Pennsylvania Professor George W. Taylor is not entirely happy with the New York law that bears his name. But he has found no answer. "We are still searching," he says. "What we need is some social inventiveness."

Cutting Campaign Overkill

As politicians across the country savored the swearing-in season, California Governor Ronald Reagan paused long enough to question the process that elected them. In his State of the State speech, Reagan suggested shortening the biennial spasm of campaigning by moving his state's primary from June to September. It would, as Reagan noted, save both money and the public patience. The chief stumbling block to such a plan is that delegates to presidential nominating conventions are chosen in the primary; those conventions are normally held in July and August. But if anyone takes Reagan's plan seriously enough, even those galas could be staged later—after Labor Day, at least. Pushing the whole process down the calendar might even give government officials more time to govern.

The Sukhomlinov Effect

An Army may travel on its stomach, but defeat or victory rides on the generals' epauletts. The Sukhomlinov Effect—named after the sartorially smashing but strategically stumbling World War I Czarist War Minister, V.A. Sukhomlinov—suggests that the winners wear the least flashy uniforms. In the current issue of *Horizon*, Scholars Roger Beaumont and Bernard J. James review the dress of military leaders from bedraggled American colonists to pajamaed Viet Cong. With the exception of the drably turned-out forces on both sides of the Korean War, the gaudier the officers, the surer the defeat. Jump-suited Churchill was ordained by the Sukhomlinov rule to prevail over the strutting dandy Adolf Hitler. Japan's high command surrendered in aiguillettes and swords; General Douglas MacArthur accepted in tieless khaki. The authors point out that shortly before the 1968 Tet offensive, American fashion experts had designated fastidiously uniformed General William Westmoreland as one of the best-dressed American men. But the Sukhomlinovian verdict on Viet Nam is a curt "data incomplete."



PRESIDENT NIXON AT EASE IN THE WHITE HOUSE
Were the proposals grounded in reality?

The Nixon "Revolution": Promise and Performance

It was not, as Attorney General John Mitchell had described it, "the most important document since they wrote the Constitution." Nor did it fit Richard Nixon's own advance billing as "the most comprehensive, the most far reaching, the most bold program in the domestic field ever presented to an American Congress." The President's State of the Union message was an uneven mixture. It centered on a truly radical plan to reverse the history of decades by reversing some of the flow of governmental money and power—by turning it back from Washington toward the states. It also included old proposals newly adorned and a drastic reshuffling of Cabinet departments. It was a major effort by the President to assume the role of domestic reformer and thus lay the groundwork for a reelection bid in 1972.

Nixon mentioned the aspirations of the young, the black and other minorities. In addition to his now familiar line about the "lift of a driving dream" (of which, incomprehensibly, the President seems very fond), he used some highly inspirational rhetoric. "We have gone through a long, dark night of the American spirit. But now that night is ending," he said at one point. Then, attempting to speak past Congress and align himself politically with a widespread feeling that runs from the radical right to the radical left, he made a curious, almost self-condemnatory statement. "Let's face it," he said. "Most Americans today are simply fed up with government at all levels. They will not—and should not—continue to tolerate the gap between promise and performance." To remedy that situation, Nixon pledged nothing less than "a new American revolution—a peaceful revolution in which power was turned back to the people." As so often with Nixon, it seemed like a considerable overstatement of an essentially sound intention.

Congress appeared in no hurry to man the barricades. Personally, the President was received with great warmth, though the speech—perhaps because of its vast advance publicity buildup—was the most coolly received State of the Union message in 20 years. Still, the Democratically controlled 92nd is the only Congress this President has, and he asked a great deal of it.

Which People? His most significant request was contained in his revenue-sharing proposals, which, if enacted, would do what the President claimed for them—"start power and resources flowing back from Washington to the states and communities"—and revise the fundamental relationship developed over the past 40 years between states and central Government.

Nixon proposed a net increase of 25% over the 1971 budget in the funds that go from Washington outward. A total of \$16 billion was involved in his proposal; only \$6 billion would be new money. The President asked that \$5 billion be handed over without strings of any kind for states and localities to spend as they wish. He would create an additional pool of \$11 billion, containing \$1 billion in new money and \$10 billion cannibalized from existing, narrowly aimed programs that require matching grants at the state or local level. From the pool, the states and cities would draw money, pured out largely on the basis of population but without the need to put up any of their own revenue, for six broad areas: urban and rural development, education, transportation, job training and law enforcement. Big as it is, Nixon's request falls short of what the states and cities say they need and have been seeking. New York City's Mayor John Lindsay did not even wait for the specifics before calling the plan a "shell game"—because so much of it is merely relabeling of existing funds for localities. The Nixon plan will run into more serious criticism (see box, page 18). His rhetoric about returning power and money to "the people" raises the inevitable question: Just which people? But the plan starts an overdue national debate on an urgent problem.

Drastic Remedies. In his second major proposal, the President asked congressional approval to reduce the Cabinet departments to eight; only State, Treasury, Defense and Justice would remain intact, and four new departments would be created out of the remainder:

HUMAN RESOURCES would have at its core the current Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT would absorb much of what is now the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the Office of Economic Opportunity, and the Agriculture Department.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT would take in parts of Commerce, Agriculture, Labor and Transportation.

NATURAL RESOURCES, focusing on the environment, would be fashioned around Interior, with other parts of Commerce and Agriculture included.

Nixon's Cabinet plans are the most drastic ever proposed for the Executive department, and stem largely from a study commission headed by Business Executive Roy L. Ash and refined by the White House staff. They have the same positive intent as those of the Hoover Commission in 1947: to make the proliferating federal bureaucracy more responsive to the presidential will by merging many small agencies under a



PRESIDENT NIXON DELIVERING ADDRESS.
Perhaps the doubters will be wrong.

few broad ones. Nixon said his purpose is to "match our structure to our purposes."

One serious question the plan raises is whether it would do that anywhere except on Government organization charts. HEW was itself a product of Hoover-inspired accretion, but its example hardly inspires confidence: many, in fact, have proposed that it be broken down into smaller segments to make the maze more manageable.

The President called again for passage of his Family Assistance Plan, designed to reform what he described accurately enough as the "monstrous, consuming outrage" that is the present welfare system. Nixon, aware that Democrats will propose broad health-care legislation, told Congress he would present a new program under which "no American will be prevented from obtaining basic medical care by inability to pay," medical schools would be helped to graduate more doctors, health care would be available where it is needed, and cancer research would be speeded by a new \$100,000,000 appropriation.

World of Words. Nixon avoided discussing the war, presumably stating that topic for his forthcoming State of the World message. He said relatively little about the distressed economy, except to promise an "expansionary budget." Many in his audience feared that his proposals, however sound their aims, did not meet the demands of the moment. Observed TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey: "Richard Nixon's world is made of words and documents and statements. Within this world, he has proposed a revolution. But it is a world which is not always real. It is part flimflam. His revolution has been floated out there on oratory. It has no roots in the realities of Congress, the labor unions, industry, or Middle America.

"That does not mean it should not be proposed, and yet it seems somehow to have been arrived at by people within the White House who have not sufficiently considered how to get this program, or even if it is what the country needs most. Perhaps such doubts will be proved wrong by the messages and the proposals that follow. Maybe they will be detailed, realistic, checked out with the men who must pass them and live with them. If that happens, there will be a really new Nixon."

The President has the right to expect patience and open minds until it is clear whether, in his own words, he can close the gap between promise and performance. Sooner or later, he will have to persuade the nation that his "revolution" is real and that it is just what is needed to solve America's many dilemmas. He is already planning a series of tours across the U.S. to help push his program. Only if he succeeds in convincing the country will he be able to move the largely hostile Congress with which he will be locked in maneuver and battle in the months to come.

The Coming Battle Between

It was the day before the President's address, and children romped in the august aisles. Misty-eyed wives of the initiates applauded the elevation of their husbands. Like a schoolboy, Virginia Senator William Spong carved his name in his desk drawer. Warmed by their sense of continuity with an opening-day ritual that has changed little in 182 years, the members of the convening 92nd Congress of the United States momentarily buried their deep differences. They basked in the expansive mood of mutual esteem common to

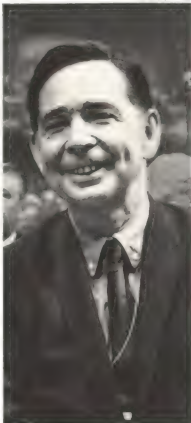
not of political parties but of the people." He praised Albert warmly and noted with mock solemnity that "until this moment, there has never been a Speaker from Bug Tussle, Oklahoma." Amid more applause, the diminutive Albert (5 ft, 4½ in.) took his place at the Speaker's desk and, in his surprisingly deep voice, declared: "We shall not look upon presidential proposals through partisan eyes; we will not oppose for the sake of opposing."

In the Senate, New York's liberal Republican Jacob Javits and the state's incoming Conservative James Buckley exchanged friendly banter, even though Javits had just challenged Buckley's right to join the Republican caucus. After he was sworn in, California Democrat John Tunney smilingly grasped the hand of Vice President Spiro Agnew, who had personally fought his election. A bipartisan ovation greeted the return of Minnesota Democrat Hubert Humphrey, whose eternal ebullience is still enjoyed by his longtime colleagues. Massachusetts Democrat Edward Kennedy, deposed from his job as majority whip only minutes before in a stunning upset, quietly beckoned the man who beat him, West Virginia's Robert C. Byrd, to take over his front-row desk. Byrd sympathetically declined and the two sat side by side at the rear of the chamber throughout the opening ceremony.

Political Collusion

The sense of congressional camaraderie was real enough, but also deceptive. The professed intention of placing people above the party was laudable but illusory. The controlling truth is that the 92nd is certain to be a showdown Congress in which the partisan stakes are the presidency itself. The new Congress is controlled by aroused Democrats who are convinced that Richard Nixon can be denied re-election next year. Although he is generally satisfied with his accomplishments in foreign policy, Nixon knows that his survival may depend on how he deals with the problems involving life at home—and what he gets out of Congress in the next 22 months could be decisive. He has vowed privately that there will be "blood all over the floor" if Congress does not pass some of his priority programs. Democrats are equally determined that if blood must flow, it will be that of Richard Nixon.

In the impending clash between the two branches of the Government, neither is in a commanding position. The President can more easily appeal directly and with a single voice to the nation. Congress can deny him what he wants, but its public image was badly bruised by its bickering and procrastination last year, and it cannot benefit from merely obstructing the President.



SPEAKER ALBERT
First man from Bug Tussle.

those who know that they are about to influence their nation's history.

In the House, Michigan Republican Gerald Ford and Oklahoma Democrat Carl Albert discreetly withdrew to an outer room as colleagues placed their names in nomination to become the 46th Speaker of the House, the nation's third highest office. Neither was the least bit surprised when the vote was announced as 250 for Albert, 176 for Ford. Graciously, the defeated Ford escorted Albert, whose elfin face crinkled into a massive grin, through the cheering chamber. At the rostrum, Ford observed that "we are the representatives

President and Congress

Democrats must present alternatives, and Nixon, of course, can veto them, but then he runs the risk of an impasse in which national needs remain unmet. The complexity of the political equation is compounded in the Senate by the presence of half a dozen Democratic Senators eager to run against Nixon. As they maneuver to embarrass him, they will also jockey for advantage over one another, riding their own pet issues. Thus the stage is set for a political collision at both its rawest and its most sophisticated levels.

A Party Leader

No one is more sensitive to all the nuances of this power struggle than the new Speaker of the House, Carl Albert, 62, poses a singular and purposeful threat to the President if Nixon tries to enhance his re-election chances at the expense of Congress. Although he has long shunned the national spotlight and suppressed his ego out of deference to his party superiors, Albert is a shrewd and fiercely partisan politician who is now at last free to be his own man. For him, the speakership is the end of the line (he vowed last week to retire to Oklahoma within eight years). A Rhodes scholar with a keen sense of history, Albert is determined to be remembered as a man who restored the office of Speaker and the repute of the House to their former pre-eminence. Colleagues who have long admired but rarely feared Albert's gentle nature and sweet temper may be surprised at his private assessment of his new role. "The Speaker is the hub of the whole Congress, not just the House," Albert insists. "It's hard to beat him on anything."

Although Albert does not openly discuss the matter, he is aware of how the House slipped in prestige during the nine-year tenure of Speaker John McCormack, who assumed the post when he was past his prime (at 70) and held it too long. McCormack frequently took the floor to oppose the President, but he was too weak—and often too petty—to unify House Democrats. The Senate, instead, grabbed most of the attention as a center of opposition to Administration policies at home and abroad. Albert intends to change that. He contends that a House Speaker is, first of all, "a party leader trying to put over the party program." He is not looking for a fight with Nixon, Albert says, but if Nixon intends to "run against Congress, it's up to us to run against him. We'll run on our record."

Albert's concept of his new job is thus in line with that of the strongest of his predecessors, men who felt fully capable of ruling the House—and, if necessary, filling a vacancy in the presidency if the Vice President, too, should die. The fifth Speaker, Nathaniel Macon, considered himself "the elect of

the elect," while the 35th, Joseph Cannon, haughtily declined a dinner invitation from President Theodore Roosevelt because he was to be seated below the Attorney General. Albert has none of the dictatorial bent of Cannon, the eloquence and ambition of Henry Clay (who got the House to declare war on Britain despite the reluctance of President James Madison), or the arrogance of Thomas Reed (whose highhanded use of House rules made him a virtual czar in the 1890s). Albert would most like to emulate his longtime Southwestern neighbor, the late Sam Rayburn. The canny Texan was the kind of Speaker who always insisted that "I haven't served under anybody, but I have served with eight Presidents."

While all of his colleagues admire Albert's intelligence and his intimate



BOGGS

Luring the bulls.

knowledge of the House, some feel that he is just too kindly a man to shake up the place. One who senses a deeper strength in Albert is TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil, a longtime scholar and historian of the House. Says he: "I believe, after 16 years of knowing the man well, that he does have, in Rayburn's phrase, 'iron in his backbone.' He does not enter the speakership with any queasy thoughts that he is inadequate to the office. He intends to prove himself, not with any sense of personal aggrandizement or arrogance, but because he knows that he has a job that must be done."

Kennedy's Defeat

Even as Albert prepared to challenge Administration programs in the House, a persistent Nixon adversary slipped badly in the Senate. Overconfident and aware only too late that he was seriously threatened, Ted Kennedy failed to win re-election by Senate Democrats

as the assistant majority leader. He was bumped in a stunning upset by West Virginia's conservative, hard-working Robert C. Byrd, 53, who had waged no noisy campaign for the post but had discreetly pleaded with almost every Democrat. His basic pitch was that he had in effect been handling the whip duties in Kennedy's frequent absences from the Senate and ought to have the job in title too.

A cautious man who rarely enters a contest he is not certain to win, Byrd figured at the last minute that he held a one-vote advantage—the proxy he held in his hand from Georgia's critically ill Richard Russell. He allowed his name to be put in nomination at the closed meeting only after checking with a messenger outside the caucus room to be certain that Russell was still alive. If the



BYRD



KENNEDY

Kind of crushed.

vote of Russell, who died less than four hours later (see story, page 19), had not been valid. Byrd would not have run. But once Byrd was nominated, a Kennedy supporter, knowing Byrd's nose-counting talents, gasped, "I'll be goddamned; he's got it." Actually, Byrd had in this instance miscalculated; he won easily, 51 to 24.

Why was Kennedy rejected? The first reaction of one Kennedy supporter was that Ted had been victimized by senatorial "jealousy, envy and spite." That was too jaundiced an explanation for a subtle situation, although there certainly was some deviousness in the

voting. One Senator organizing the Kennedy support insists that he had "28 eye-ball-to-eye-ball commitments 24 hours before the vote," but that four Senators did not keep their pledges on the secret ballot. Suspicion centered mainly upon Washington's two Senators, Henry Jackson and Warren Magnuson, because Kennedy had opposed Seattle-based Boeing's supersonic transport; Connecticut's Abe Ribicoff, who has had past differences with the Kennedy brothers; and South Dakota's George McGovern, an announced presidential candidate, who is trying to appeal to the same kinds of voters that a Kennedy candidacy would probably attract.

A more likely reason for Kennedy's defeat was that he simply did not mind the store sufficiently. That was ironic, since Kennedy won the whip job two years ago by waging a quiet telephone campaign against an establishment type,

as Chappaquiddick, but it did further cloud the possibility that Kennedy might emerge as the presidential nominee next year. An aide to Leading Contender Edmund Muskie undoubtedly overestimated the impact when he proclaimed that "it was a smashing defeat—I don't know where he can go from here." The whip's job may not cut all that keenly with many voters, especially those who have no high regard for the Senate. A few Senators even thought that the all-out just might goad Kennedy into saying "to hell with them" and running away. Assuming that Kennedy, as he repeatedly proclaimed, had no intention of jumping into the 1972 race, the defeat was not a total gain for Nixon. Byrd may be more philosophically attuned to some Nixon programs, but he takes his partisan role seriously and is a far more abrasive and belligerent scrapper than either Majority Leader Mike Mansfield or Kennedy.

In the President's own party, Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott turned back a challenge to his post as Senate minority leader from Tennessee's conservative Howard H. Baker Jr., although the margin was slim: 24 to 20. The moderate Scott was under considerable fire from many Republicans for his reluctance to champion several Nixon proposals, including the nomination of Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court. Scott's victory seemed to indicate that progressive Republicans in the Senate are still determined to exercise a degree of independence from the Administration.

Boggs' Triumph

As Albert moved up, an intriguing race developed over who would succeed him as Democratic floor leader in the House—a spot from which the next Speaker normally emerges. Although a quintet of candidates was involved, the basic battle was between Arizona's Morris Udall and Louisiana's Hale Boggs. Udall, an intuitive intellectual and a liberal, was the slight favorite over Boggs, a brilliant and tough debater. But each had handicaps. Udall had angered labor by failing to support repeal of a part of the Taft-Hartley Act and had drawn the wrath of New Englanders by trying to dislodge McCormack from the speakership in 1969. Boggs, favored by "Establishment" veterans, had a history of eccentricity and was accused of being lazy.

The two main contenders went into the caucus wholly uncertain of whether their pledged votes actually would hold up in the secret balloting. Other candidates complicated matters. Michigan's James O'Hara, backed by labor, competed for Udall's liberal support; two

conservatives, Ohio's Wayne Hays and California's B.F. Sisk, vied for Boggs' Southern and Establishment followers. The key seemed to be whether the Southern veterans would stick with Boggs. "The old bulls are undecided," one insider observed. Boggs led Udall on the first ballot; Hays and O'Hara withdrew. On the second vote, Boggs won, 140 to 88. That caused Udall to turn his "mo" nickname button upside down to read "ow."

The Boggs victory was the result of a curious but frequently repeated coalition between the Southern veterans and Northern machine Democrats, who may be poles apart on issues but have one bond: to them, Congress is a career, and their first aim is to protect their mutual power positions. They thus support seniority practices—and each other.

White House Relations

From a presidential perspective, the net effect of the leadership shifts in Congress—except for the elevation of Carl Albert—was a slight improvement. The antiwar, antimilitary, pro-labor liberals seem to have slipped. But Nixon's task in coaxing cooperation from the Congress is still formidable. The elections last November left the Democrats twelve seats stronger in the House; their edge is now 254 to 180. Republicans gained two Senators but still trail 54 to 45. Richard Russell's Georgia seat undoubtedly will go to another Democrat; Russell will be succeeded as chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee by Louisiana's Allen Ellender, who is more critical of defense budgets.

Nixon's relations with the Congress have been dismal. He lashed out at the Senate for refusing to go along with his Southern appointees to the Supreme Court. He campaigned harshly against Democratic candidates in the congressional elections. He allowed his Vice President to attack "permissivists" and "radicals" in Congress, apparently including some liberal and moderate Republicans. He personally joined the battle for some of his key programs, such as welfare reform and revenue sharing, only when it was much too late—and then he blustered Congress for not acting on them. Even the new Republican National Chairman, Kansas Senator Robert Dole, used to complain about the poor liaison: as many as 80 telephone calls at a time from Congressmen and Senators would go unanswered by White House aides.

To do better this time around, Nixon has appointed an affable and able former Republican Congressman, Minnesota's Clark MacGregor, to help build new bridges to the Hill. MacGregor has been given direct access to Nixon, hurdling the formidable staff barriers in Nixon's outer offices, and the President has promised to cut him in early on all legislative plans. Frequent



ALBERT WITH WIFE MARY, SON DAVID & DAUGHTER MARY FRANCES
All that matters is House and home.

Louisiana's Russell Long, who had shirked his work. But when Ted took over and absented himself frequently to attend to other matters, the club turned against him too. Byrd, as secretary of the Democratic Conference, carried much of Kennedy's load. Thus there was at least a half-truth in Byrd's kindly explanation that "this was not a slap at Kennedy—it was an affirmation of the job I had been doing."

Kennedy tried to take the rejection philosophically. "If you don't know how to lose, you don't deserve to win," he said. But it was a new experience for him; he had never lost a political contest before. He was, says a friend, "kind of crushed." Nevertheless, Ted gamely held a scheduled reception at home for his staff and re-election volunteers of last November. His mood, one aide reported, seemed to be: "Well, now that's over, what do we do next?"

It was hardly a blow as damaging

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WHO'S NEW IN THE CONGRESS

THE HOUSE

RONALD DELLUMS, 35, Democrat, Calif., is an Afro-topped and bell-bottomed radical black who comes to Congress "to legitimize the protests of the young people and blacks." An ex-Marine, former psychiatric social worker and Berkeley city councilman, he will stand out sharply, but warns: "I'm not here as some curiosity, I've got some heavy things going on in my head."

PIERRE ("PETE") DU PONT IV, 36, Republican, Del., looks the industrial scion he is: slender, aristocratic, out of Exeter, Princeton and Harvard Law School. He is most concerned about the U.S. drug problem, and is seeking a seat on the Commerce Committee, which has a subcommittee on drugs. He calls his bargaining as freshman "playing poker with no cards."

DR. WILLIAM ROY, 44, Democrat, Kans., is a longtime Republican who abruptly turned Democrat the day before the candidates' filing deadline. His firm disciplined mind earned him both an M.D. and a law degree. He is also seeking a seat on the Commerce Committee, where health legislation originates. He is a liberal and a strong peace advocate whose candidacy was opposed by the A.M.A.

THE REV. ROBERT DRINAN, 50, Democrat, Mass., has the good humor to dub himself the "Mad Monk," but is zealously serious about peace and world hunger. Says he: "I can't live at peace with myself knowing that we have 66% of the world's population and consume 60% of the world's resources." He hopes for a seat on the Judiciary Committee to put his experience as a law school dean to good use.

JAMES ABOUREZK, 39, Democrat, S.D., the son of a Lebanese pack peddler, was born and raised on the Rosebud Sioux Reservation. A Stevenson-Kennedy liberal who became the first Democrat elected from his district in 37 years, he defeated an opponent who advocated "obliterating Hanoi." A foe of the seniority system, he is aiming for the Interior Committee to work on Indian affairs.

LES ASPIN, 32, Democrat, Wis., has already been tagged the resident Whiz Kid. He has degrees from Yale and Oxford and a Ph.D. in economics from M.I.T. He won on a platform of peace, conservation and economic welfare, but probably knows too much to get the seat he wants on the Armed Services Committee: he once served as special assistant to former Defense Secretary McNamara.

BELLA ASZUG, 50, Democrat, N.Y., is a sort of political Thelma Ritter, armed with a floppy hat and a vitriolic tongue, who makes strident music wherever she goes. Too formidable to be discounted as foolish, she won a tough campaign on Manhattan's Lower East Side. She led the opening attack on the seniority system in the 92nd, and can be counted on to push—hard—for women's rights legislation.

THE SENATE

ADLAI STEVENSON III, 40, Democrat, Ill., bears the prestige—and the burden—of a highly revered name. The biggest vote getter in Illinois history, excepting his father's gubernatorial landslide, he was sworn in immediately after the November elections to fill the remaining four years of the late Senator Dirksen's term. He hit the deck running, voting for a job-safety bill dear to Democrats.

JAMES BUCKLEY, 47, Conservative-Republican, N.Y., declares, "The President will have me as an ally." That is understandable, since he is indebted to Nixon for aid in winning the three-way election. An oil heir as well as a life-long naturalist, he is tough on corporations endangering environment. Relaxed and articulate, Buckley is a loner who could become surprisingly moderate.

LAWTON CHILES, 40, Democrat, Fla., terms himself a "progressive conservative" representing "the fresh breeze blowing in the South." He accepts civil rights, champions revenue sharing, not in an archaic states' rights sense but out of conviction that the Government can win confidence only by restoring control to local levels. Calm and introspective, he brings a demonstrated concern for legislative reform.

LLOYD BENTSEN JR., 49, Democrat, Texas, is a wealthy banker, a protégé of Lyndon Johnson and John Connally, but not as conservative as he is often portrayed. He will support Mexican-American causes despite Chicanos' hostility to his powerful citrus-growing family. He commends Nixon's foreign policy, but wants no more Cambodias. By and large, Bentsen flunks the President domestically.

JOHN TUNNEY, 36, Democrat, Calif., is the youngest Senate member by two years. His chief concern will be the economy, given his state's high unemployment. He will probably support measures to push Nixon harder on Viet Nam withdrawals. He is a tough environmentalist, and three congressional terms have convinced him that internal reform is vital.

ROBERT TAFT JR., 53, Republican, Ohio, carries the most celebrated political name into a pledge class laden with famous names. Grandson of a President and Chief Justice, son of "Mr. Republican," he joins the Senate as an automatic headliner. Even of temper, measured of style, he is short on color, long on homework. He is more liberal than the Administration, but fundamentally a party man.

WILLIAM BROCK III, 40, Republican, Tenn., is handsome and earnest, a wealthy candy manufacturer who describes himself as a "staunch individualist." He attacks the status quo, marking himself as a new kind of moderate Southern conservative. Three House terms on the Banking and Currency Committee have made economic policy his primary concern, and he will generally back Nixon in this area.

bipartisan meetings with Nixon over drinks or at breakfast are promised to confer on legislation before combat is joined on the floor and positions hardened. Texan John Connally is also expected to turn his persuasive charms on the legislators.

Those are commendable moves, and MacGregor is working especially hard to mollify the more progressive Republicans in the Senate. They are such men as Mark Hatfield, Charles Mathias and William Saxbe, who have felt not only ignored by the White House but threatened by the Nixon-Agnew attacks that helped defeat New York's liberal Republican Charles Goodell. Yet much more is needed than MacGregor's good will. Old pros on the Hill are beginning to wonder if Nixon really understands Congress, despite his four years in the House. The fact that MacGregor is sporting an I CARE ABOUT CONGRESS button seems to them to symbolize the Administration's naive cheerleader approach to politics.

Showdown Issues

The congressional veterans are awaiting signs that MacGregor carries real influence with the President. They recall that one of the most effective legislative aides they have known, Jack Kennedy's man Larry O'Brien, was virtually unknown when J.F.K. took office. But in the first few weeks all of their appeals to Kennedy drew a stock answer: "Have you talked about this with Larry?" The Congressmen got the message and O'Brien became the man to see; he had the clout.

From inside the White House came other doubts that Nixon really knows how to deal with tough legislative pros. He may berate them in public after he has lost a battle, but he shies away from confrontations in private. In the past when he was hustling votes on a bill, his tête-à-têtes with Senators and Congressmen have begun with the preface, "I understand your problems—and if you can't come with us, I'll understand." So a legislator leaves feeling that no commitment was asked or given. But if he votes his constituency against the White House, the President feels betrayed. On any issue, the more effective tactic for a President, maintains Neil MacNeil, is to "flat-out demand the vote, leaving unspoken any matter of forgiveness or understanding, and let the Senator sweat out whether there might be political retaliation."

Many Hill veterans also consider the inner White House staff, apart from the legislative liaison team, inept in its approach to Congress. One member of that staff claims that his colleagues "don't understand politics, much less the congressional variant of national politics. They don't know what finesse is. This is government by political advance men."

That is a harsh assessment and may yet prove wrong, but it represents a significant feeling that Nixon must over-

come. He seems determined to try. "The White House has discovered Congress," observes one presidential aide, "and it is going to be romanced to death." The attempt is crucial, considering the taut and complex political climate and the stern demands that Nixon is making upon the new Congress. At the moment, serious obstacles loom for most of the major proposals Nixon is trying to push through the showdown session. They include:

WELFARE REFORM. The Administration's Family Assistance Plan, which would provide a minimum income for all qualified families, died in the last Congress when House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills argued that there was too little time to resolve differences with the Senate. The bill has now been given the priority designation of HR 1 in the new House, and passage seems ensured. Tied to an increase in Social Security benefits, Mills' version is a bit tougher than Nixon's plan on requirements for welfare recipients to seek work and includes tighter limitations on the potential cost of the program.

REVENUE SHARING. The principle involved is controversial (see box, page 18), and passage is doubtful. The proposal must originate in the House, and there it is opposed by a formidable trio: Speaker Albert, Chairman Mills and the top-ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee, Wisconsin's John Byrne. Their opposition is based primarily on the premise that Congress should not allocate tax revenue without controlling the ways in which it is spent. Moreover, the federal budget already runs a deficit.

HEALTH CARE. Some form of national health insurance has long been proposed by liberals. It has political appeal, but passage is doubtful, paradoxically, because the Democratic Congress may provide more aid than Nixon wants. Nixon might veto any bill that he considers overly expensive.

EXECUTIVE REORGANIZATION. Nearly every pressure group that now has influence with a Government agency may feel threatened by a major new line-up of Cabinet departments. Political advocates of specific programs also worry. Democrats who support the antipower efforts of the Office of Economic Opportunity, for example, fear that OEO could be stifled in an administrative shake-up, and may oppose the plan. The conflicting pressures could easily kill this idea. It would also require extensive revision of congressional committees, since many now parallel the executive departments. Convincing powerful committee chairmen to abolish their own jobs will be difficult.

557. Perhaps prudently, Nixon in his State of the Union address did not men-

tion the supersonic transport. The last Senate voted against it, the new House seems to be leaning that way, and the plane may be permanently grounded.

In the Senate, parts of the Nixon program could easily get lost, distorted or delayed as ambitious Democrats eye 1972. Maine's Muskie will want to keep his brand on the environmental controls he has long championed. South Dakota's George McGovern will push the



THE PELICAN HOLD MORE THAN HIS BELLYCAN.



"BRACE YOURSELF, FELLOW... IT'S A HELLUVA NOISY, ROUGH RIDE!"

war on hunger. Ted Kennedy will be seeking national health insurance. Iowa's Harold Hughes has some ideas about combating drugs and alcoholism. Oklahoma's Fred Harris wants to shape family assistance his own way. Indiana's Birch Bayh will continue to guard the pass on Nixon appointments.

Indeed, so thick are the 1972 contenders in the Senate that their maneuvering for the limelight could impede the upper chamber's work. Over in the House, Ohio Republican Clarence

Brown has an impish solution. Already in the hopper is his resolution for a constitutional amendment to abolish the Senate and create in its place a House of Lords, whose duties would be nonexistent. "To qualify," reads his resolution, "each member must swear or affirm publicly that he is a sincere candidate for the President of the United States."

In addition to facing potential op-

you!" As Nixon noted, the two have known and respected each other ever since they entered Congress together in 1947 (in the same class with Jack Kennedy), but they have not been social intimates.

Albert has already shown a willingness to assail the Nixon Administration when he thinks it has been wrong. When Nixon vetoed a Labor-HEW appropriations bill on the grounds that it was inflationary, Albert acidly urged that he "utilize the awesome power of his office not against the children, the sick, the aged and the poor, but rather against the giant monopolies that are the true culprits causing inflation." He has accused the White House of "primitive medieval economic bloodletting" and needlingly labeled the state of the economy as only "the first Nixon recession."

Albert does not consider such talk brash. He hopes, in fact, to make his own "Report from the Speaker" on television in a few weeks, in an innovative

must take precedence over everything else," he says. Albert supported a successful move in his party—and a similar motion was approved by Republicans—to modify the entrenched practice of selecting committee chairmen solely on the basis of seniority.

Albert intends to elicit the opinions of more members for his own guidance in running the House. He will revive Sam Rayburn's "Board of Education"—a leisurely, informal after-hours session over drinks in the Speaker's hideaway to discuss pending business with key Congressmen. He is organizing a Special Committee on National Goals, consisting of both veteran and promising younger Democratic Congressmen, to help map party policy and respond to any Nixon attacks on Congress.

The Rayburn Populist

As he tries to strengthen his Speaker's office, Albert continues to lead a self-effacing personal life in Washington. He, his wife Mary and son David, 16, occupy a modest two-bedroom apartment; Mary Frances, 22, is attending Rice University. He rarely makes the cocktail circuit, devotes himself almost solely to his family and his work. He enjoys political anecdotes but seldom tells them himself, and the closest he comes to cursing is to cry "Jeepers creepers!"

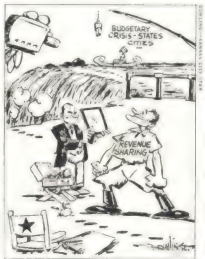
The son of an Oklahoma coal miner, Albert was born in McAlester, attended grade school in Bug Tussle (it has since been renamed Flowery Mound). He won a national oratorical contest and was a Phi Beta Kappa student at the University of Oklahoma, whose president at that time called him "the brightest mind ever to come to this university." A lawyer, he entered the Army in 1941 as a private, emerged four years later as a lieutenant colonel.

Albert considers himself a populist in the tradition of Rayburn: the districts the two men represented adjoin on the Texas-Oklahoma border, and they were fast friends. Rayburn helped pick Albert as Democratic whip in 1955. To Rayburn admirers, the two small men (Rayburn was 13 in. taller) even seemed to operate alike. Said one as he watched Albert in 1962: "Look at the little fellow! Ain't that Mr. Sam?" Albert has stumbled only once in his steady climb since then; he appeared vacillating and uncertain as he chaired the chaotic 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. He had suffered a heart attack two years before the convention, but has now fully recovered both his health and self-confidence.

Without personal vanity, but in terms of the Constitution, Albert insists that the Speaker of the House ought to rate almost on "a par with the President." That is a view that Carl Albert does not really expect Richard Nixon to share, and the collision of their wills undoubtedly will play a significant role in coming battles between Congress and President.



"NOW, BALANCE THIS ON YOUR NOSE
AND CLAP YOUR FLIPPERS."



A NEW STAR IS BORN



"I don't know why they want to get rid of us.
I said, I don't know why they want
to get rid of us! I SAID I
DON'T KNOW WHY

ponents in the Senate, Nixon must contend with Carl Albert on the other side of the Capitol. Albert is in one way the more formidable adversary, since he is free of any presidential ambitions of his own. Nixon has already predicted privately that Albert will be "much tougher" to deal with than McCormack was. The President had a personal word for Albert on television before his State of the Union message, whispering with a grin, as the assembled officials applauded, "they like

reply for the Democrats to Nixon's State of the Union message. He wants to present Democratic alternatives to Nixon's programs. Precisely what they will be is not yet clear. It is a delicate operation, since Nixon has in fact co-opted some ideas that Democrats have advocated in the past. Anything the Democrats now suggest could smack of me-tooism or look as though they were merely seeking more money for the same programs, unless they present their case with finesse.

A more immediate challenge for Albert is to put his own House in order. It has been more diligent than the dawdling Senate, but he insists that its members need more "discipline, promptness and dispatch." He will ask them to work a five-day week instead of the common Tuesday-through-Thursday hours on the Hill. "The business of the House

The Pros and Cons of Revenue Sharing

Although the idea of revenue sharing is not new, the issues involved are still dim to much of the public. *TIME* Senior Correspondent John Steele provides this analysis of what is at stake in the major new presidential proposal:

IN 1805, President Thomas Jefferson urged "a just repartition" of federal revenues among the states for the promotion of "canals, roads, arts, manufactures, education and other great objects within each state." The idea got nowhere then, and neither did an updated version that Chief Economic Adviser Walter Heller tried to sell to President Lyndon Johnson 159 years later. But now it has resurfaced as the linchpin of President Nixon's new legislative program. Under Nixon's proposed revenue-sharing plan, the Federal Government would yield a small part of its take from individual income taxes to states, cities and counties, which in turn would be free to spend the money as they pleased. If enacted, the plan would constitute the most basic change in public finance since the federal income tax was imposed in 1913.

That "if" is rather gigantic. Nixon will have to drive the plan through a Congress whose leaders jealously guard their control over the use of federal revenues. On the House Ways and Means Committee, which has life and death power over the plan, both Democratic Chairman Wilbur Mills and the ranking Republican John W. Byrnes of Wisconsin are strongly opposed. "I am not going to be a tax collector for anyone but the Federal Government," says Mills. Byrnes' view: "Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I believe most sincerely that with

the pleasure of spending public funds there should also be the odium of collecting them."

Powerful support is building up for revenue sharing, however, from the kind of fellow politicians that Congressmen listen to: mayors, Governors, state legislators and county officers. They see access to more federal money as their only realistic hope of escaping from a fiscal bind without the local tax increases that have become an invitation to defeat at the polls.

There is more to it than politics. States and cities everywhere are in a fiscal crisis. New York, Cleveland, Newark and Detroit have had to cut back on services. On a single day last month, three Governors—all Republicans—sounded separate doleful warnings. Nelson Rockefeller reported New York to be in "a bleak fiscal situation." Thomas Meskill said Connecticut is "wallowing in debt," and Linwood Holton predicted for Virginia a \$16 million state deficit by mid-1972 and no emergency state aid for hard-pressed local governments.

The root problem is that the tax take of states, cities and counties does not rise as fast as their costs, their populations or their citizens' demands for more and better services. From 1946 to 1968, states and localities multiplied their spending 6½ times, their debt seven times—but their tax take only 5½ times. One big reason is that the Federal Government hogs so much of the available revenue through the income tax. Although 37 states also have income taxes, Washington receives 90% of all income tax collections.

Because of its progressive rates, the federal income tax is a marvelously efficient collection instrument. According to former Presidential Counsellor Daniel P. Moynihan, "the basic equation of American political economy is that for each 1% increase in the gross national product, the income of the Federal Government increases 1.5%." By contrast, the income from property and sales taxes, the traditional backbone of state and local finance, reacts more sluggishly to economic growth. Furthermore, these taxes are regressive: their burden falls most heavily on lower-income groups.

States and cities, of course, get money from Washington now—nearly \$30 billion a year. But Washington tightly controls what local politicians can do with the existing money; the funds are parceled out among hundreds of grants-in-aid that have specific purposes. Federal aid for road construction, for example, cannot be diverted to mass transit even if a state has many miles of lightly traveled new superhighways and



THOMAS JEFFERSON

commuter railroads that are falling apart. Moreover, many federal aid programs—welfare, hospital construction, library services—require states, cities and counties to raise matching funds. Nixon's revenue-sharing proposal aims not only at getting desperately needed cash to the states and cities but also at cutting through the red tape of present aid programs. More important, it would return to states and cities the power to set spending priorities for an important chunk of new revenue.

Among the numerous arguments, pro and con, already being heard on revenue sharing:

► Although no one will put it so bluntly in public, there is considerable disagreement over whether states and cities can be trusted to spend wisely the new money they may get. Mills, Byrnes and many others warn that if Congress hands over billions to the states and cities with no strings attached, it will begin a dangerous dismantling of the control procedures in present programs that are intended to make sure Washington gets the best use out of its aid dollars. Proponents of revenue sharing argue back that Washington has no monopoly on brains. "Those closest to local needs and problems should be—or become—best equipped to deal with them intelligently and flexibly," says Treasury Under Secretary Paul A. Volcker. Moynihan adds: "The Federal Government is good at some things and bad at others. The thing it is perhaps best at is collecting taxes, but it's bad at dispensing services."

► The A.F.L.-C.I.O. opposes revenue sharing because it doubts that state legislatures will spend the transferred funds in ways that will benefit urban workers. Other liberals have shared that fear, but it has faded greatly as reappor-



WILBUR MILLS

tionment engendered by the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision has made legislatures increasingly responsive to urban and suburban needs. Further redistricting on the basis of the 1970 census should create more city and suburban seats in legislatures; that would further weaken the chance of an anti-city bias in the spending of shared federal revenues.

► Many lobbying groups, and some liberal Senators, fear that revenue sharing will lead to cutbacks in special-purpose grants. The National Education Association will back revenue sharing only if it is assured that half of the new money will go to support public schools. Governors and mayors, eager as they are for revenue sharing, roar with anger at any thought of cutbacks in existing programs of aid for specific purposes. Volcker and other Administration leaders disclaim any such intention but add that "we are definitely talking about a change in emphasis and direction" of federal help for the future. Nixon, however, will have to calm the fears of cutbacks in special-purpose grants if his revenue-sharing plan is not to die aborning.

► Fiscal conservatives, noting that federal tax collections are already falling behind spending, ask in effect: "Share what revenues?" They fear that revenue sharing will lead only to still bigger federal deficits and higher federal taxes. The Nixon Administration, however, is committed to a particular level of spending in order to help expand the economy—so the question is not how much the Federal Government spends, but where it spends it. "Revenue sharing will not raise the existing federal tax burden," says Assistant Treasury Secretary Murray L. Weidenbaum. "The alternative to revenue sharing is not a smaller federal deficit. The alternative is a higher level of federal spending in some other, lower-priority areas."

What is at stake here, finally, is a shifting—perhaps profound—in roles and missions of government between Washington and the states and cities. Rather than increasing dependence on Washington, the Nixon plan is designed to strengthen the muscle of statehouses and city halls in dealing with a wide range of problems. As it stands now, never has so much been spent by Washington for so little. By relinquishing a small percentage of federal tax revenues, Nixon hopes to restore some important sovereignty to the governments closest to the people. But can money alone make local governments effective and honest, and can the major social problems be met without national guidance or at least standards? The issues are serious and complex; the arguments for and against will fuel a congressional debate that will be long, arduous and angry.

THE SENATE

Death Comes

For the Bandleader

"I believe," wrote Harry Truman in his memoirs, "that if Dick Russell had been from Indiana or Missouri or Kentucky, he may well have been President." As it was, Richard Brevard Russell Jr. was an unreconstructed Georgian from the red-clay hamlet of Winder, 45 miles northeast of Atlanta; his one effort at the Democratic nomination, in 1952, quickly collapsed because of his unshakable racial attitudes. Russell remained in the U.S. Senate for 38 years. There he alternated between outdated parochialism and respected service in the national interest. When he died at 73 last week of the complications of chronic lung disease, the Senate's ranking member and president pro tem was remembered for what he had accom-



GEORGIA'S RICHARD RUSSELL
National service, outdated parochialism.

plished—and by some for what he might better have left undone.

Russell's civil rights stand was the legacy of a country boy—one of 15 children—whose ancestors had been well-to-do slaveowners. He possessed another Southern legacy: a love of politics fostered by his father, who became the state's chief justice. Young Richard was elected a state legislator at 23, speaker of the Georgia house at 29, Governor at 33. Two years later, he became the youngest member of the U.S. Senate.

Dove to Hawk. At first an ardent supporter of F.D.R. and the New Deal, Russell later tempered his view. "I'm a reactionary when times are good," he explained, "but in a depression, I'm a liberal." Like other Southerners, he remained in the Senate term after term. His biggest battle was an early one. In his first bid for re-election, he had to fight off gallus-snapping Eugene Tal-

madge, who was an out-and-out racist in comparison with Russell.

By the time the major civil rights battles began in the Senate, Russell had so much stature—and was so well versed in parliamentary procedure—that he led the Southern forces. "Dick Russell and his Dixieland Band," 19 Senators joined in common cause, managed to delay and obfuscate until cloture finally shut off their filibuster in 1964 and the Civil Rights Act was passed.

Russell built his national career largely as chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, a post he assumed in 1951. The same year, President Harry Truman fired Douglas MacArthur as commander of U.S. and United Nations troops in Korea. The incident caused a turmoil across the country, but the dangerously loud outcries of protest were skillfully muted by Russell's careful, thorough conduct of committee hearings on the incident. Later, as the Senate's foremost spokesman on military affairs, Russell championed antiballistic missiles, a strong Navy and new manned bombers for the Air Force. A devout Methodist who had been religiously raised—Russell had read the Bible through twice before reaching adulthood—he once insisted that if nuclear warfare ever reduced the world to Adam and Eve again, he wanted the couple to be American.

In 1954, Russell had opposed John Foster Dulles' proposal to commit military advisers to Viet Nam. "If you send 200 now," the Senator warned President Eisenhower prophetically, "you'll have to send 20,000 before it's over." When Ike decided to send them anyway, Russell loyally turned, in his own words, from dove "into a screaming hawk." Said he: "When the Commander in Chief committed our flag and our forces to that unhappy land, he committed me."

Steppingstone. The patrician Russell became increasingly a loner. After his unsuccessful bid for the presidency, he refused the leadership of his party in the Senate. Instead he pressed for the selection of Lyndon B. Johnson. Russell never married—he had been too busy with politics, he explained—and he usually avoided capital parties, staying in his Washington apartment reading history or the *Congressional Record*. "I came up here with a country-boy idea that you had to be polite and attend every party you were invited to," he would say. "That liked to killed me the first year."

The Senator's health had been failing for five years. Even so, in 1969 he finally surrendered his Armed Services chairmanship and moved over to the more powerful Appropriations Committee. He spent less and less time in the chamber he loved, however, and finally entered Walter Reed General Hospital six weeks ago. He never returned to Capitol Hill but died coincidentally on the day that the 92nd Congress convened.

RADICALS

The Berrigan Informer

He is remembered as a quiet man, serious, intense, one to be trusted. He was, after all, a friend of Father Philip Berrigan's—a close friend, he would add. True, there was something in his attitude, a superficiality, that caused some to question him. But whenever doubts were raised, those close to Berrigan would brush them aside. Their trust in Boyd F. Douglas was implicit. It was also misplaced; he is the informer upon

cussing the war. From there, it was just a short jump until Douglas became Berrigan's lifeline to the outside. He delivered messages to Sister Elizabeth McAlister, another defendant, who visited friends at Bucknell when she came to see the priest, and transmitted her replies.

It is likely that it was through Sister Elizabeth that Douglas struck up friendships with other radical Catholics and members of the peace movement, including Father Joseph Wenderoth, Anthony Scoblick and Father Neil McLaughlin—all indicted with Berrigan.



DANIEL BERRIGAN RELAXING IN DANBURY PRISON

whose testimony the Government's conspiracy charges against Berrigan and five other defendants depend heavily (TIME cover, Jan. 25).

Berrigan found a curious ally in Douglas, 32, a fellow prisoner at the Lewisburg, Pa., penitentiary.* The two met last year after Berrigan was sent to Lewisburg. Berrigan was anxious to find a way to smuggle his writings and correspondence out of prison. Douglas, one of the few prisoners permitted out during the day—to study at nearby Bucknell University—often carried messages from the inmates with him.

Outside Lifeline. After Berrigan approached Douglas to sound him out on acting as a messenger, the two became friends and spent hours together dis-



INFORMER DOUGLAS (1957)

He also visited with Historian Richard Drinnon, an activist in the movement and one of his professors, as well as attending social gatherings at the homes of movement members.

Says Drinnon: "I was always a bit skeptical about his new-found convictions. He always had all the right conclusions, but the premises on which he should have based them were not there." Once, Drinnon said

to Douglas that it would be logical for the Lewisburg warden to plant someone like himself as an informer. "That's fantastic," Douglas replied. "You know you can trust me."

Possibly Douglas was a Government plant from the beginning. Indeed, in the manner of a Tommy the Traveler, he let it be known that he was a demolition expert . . . "knowledge that might come in handy." More likely, he was discovered carrying Berrigan's letters outside the prison—a federal offense—and threatened with prosecution if he did not cooperate. After he was con-

fronted by Sister Elizabeth and accused of being the leak, he was taken into protective custody.

At the Danbury, Conn., federal prison, where they have been since August 1970, Philip Berrigan and his Jesuit brother Daniel are reportedly in good spirits. And there is compelling new evidence that Daniel is improbably cast as a co-conspirator to blow up federal buildings in Washington and kidnap Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger. In a message to the Weathermen, taped last August and printed in the *Village Voice* last week, Daniel Berrigan spoke forcefully of the need to avoid just that type of violence. "I hope your lives are about something more than sabotage," he said. "No principle is worth the sacrifice of a single human being."

THE SOUTH

New Language on Inauguration Day

The most finely calibrated gauge of the South's resistance to integration has been the oratory of the region's politicians—the classic promises of segregation forever, of a last stand at the schoolhouse door. Six newly sworn Deep South Governors have been taking a startlingly calmer line since the new year began. Most striking example: the inauguration of Georgia's Jimmy Carter, who stepped in front of his predecessor, Lester Maddox, and an audience of 5,000 to declare: "I say to you quite frankly that the time for racial discrimination is over." Throughout the South, there has been a note of acceptance, of moving on to the problems long neglected while race dominated the sectional debate.

In South Carolina last week, John C. West pledged a "color-blind" administration and appointed a young black to a top position on his staff. West had been a winner over Republican Albert Watson, whose campaign bluntly played on fears of busing and defiance of court orders and had the benefit of personal campaigning by Vice President Spiro T. Agnew. Housing, education and hunger, West said, were the problems that would occupy his administration, not the old bitterness of race.

When Reubin Askew was sworn in as Governor of Florida, there was a promise of fair government for both races in his inaugural address. Then Askew turned to problems of tax reform, education, the environment.

White Flag. Democrat Dale Bumpers, the neophyte politician who upset Orval Faubus in the primary runoff, then went on to beat Winthrop Rockefeller for Governor of Arkansas, also talked of improving education and promised reform of the state's infamous prison system. "The future I envision," Bumpers said, "must be shaped and shared by all Arkansans—old and young,

* Douglas has spent most of the last eight years in federal prisons for such offenses as impersonating a law officer, assaulting an FBI agent, and interstate transportation of forged securities.

black and white, rich and poor."

Most startling of all, his words were echoed even by George Wallace as he took the oath of office for his second term: "Our state government is for all, so let us join together, for Alabama belongs to all of us—black and white, young and old, rich and poor alike." To be sure, Wallace continued his attacks on the Federal Government; he has hardly turned liberal, but the tone of the day was moderate and restrained by comparison with the past.

It may be years before the South or the rest of the nation will know if the new promises of the 1971 Southern inaugurations are kept. But they are evidence that the Congress, the courts and the 3,324,000 blacks registered to vote in the states of the old Confederacy have combined to forge a new political reality. Harry Dent, the White House overseer of the G.O.P.'s Southern strategy, conceded last week that "the race question is going bye-bye as a political force."

Before Carter's inaugural address in Atlanta, a cannon salute boomed over the capitol lawn, belching smoke over the statues of Tom Watson and former Governor Eugene Talmadge, two premier practitioners of the old politics of racism. The concussion shattered windows in a state office building across the street and soon after, an employee ironically waved a white flag of surrender from one of the windows. If the new oratory means what it says, the symbolism was apt.

AMERICAN SCENE

Greene County, Ala.: Change Comes to the Courthouse

There have been games of dominoes going on in the courthouse at Enlow as long as the citizens of Greene County, Ala., can remember, marathon games played by old men in bib overalls and soiled fedoras. "I heard they been playing since the Civil War," said one of the game's regulars. The gossip and the political affairs of the county moved across the table with the domino tiles, yellowed now, like the players' hands, by age and use. But the courthouse game ended last week and with it an era. A new black sheriff and judge were sworn in, completing the takeover of political power by an 80% black majority in one of the nation's poorest counties. TIME Correspondent Joseph Kane attended Inauguration Day. His report:

THE domino players moved out of the anteroom of the sheriff's office into the back room of a vacant store down the street a week before the inauguration. Said D.W. Bailey, 71: "Some of the niggers play dominoes but they don't play like we do, so I'm told." Greene County's whites withdrew—some in bitterness, some in fear—when the time came for Sheriff Thomas Gilmore and Probate Judge William McKinley Branch to join five black school board members and four county commissioners in the courthouse.

The high-ceilinged courtroom where the ceremonies took place was packed with blacks who came to see the ragtag parade and oath taking that symbolized their assumption of power. On the way, the Druid High School Band kept cadence in the cold morning for the dignitaries riding in a mule-drawn wagon and the float covered with green and white napkins topped by a tinfoil telescope that proclaimed "Greene County—Focus of the Nation."

Six years ago, Greene County became the focus of several civil rights groups anxious to put into effect the newly passed Voting Rights Act. With only 452 of its 5,000 eligible blacks then registered to vote, Greene County provided an excellent laboratory for the bill. The Southern Regional Council, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference descended on the county. Within a year, the massive voter registration drive had brought the first black politicians into an election since Reconstruction: Thomas Gilmore ran for sheriff and was defeated, but the first black school board member was elected in 1966.

Last fall, Greene County black registrants outnumbered whites 2 to 1. Thomas Gilmore stepped forward again to run for sheriff against Big Bill Lee, the man who once whipped him in a lawyer's office across from the courthouse for demanding the arrest of a deputy who had struck a black schoolgirl. This time, Gilmore won.

So did Branch, a Baptist preacher and schoolteacher, who sought the office that controls the issuing of deeds, land transfers, eviction notices, wills and mortgages. As with Gilmore in his race for sheriff, there was special satisfaction in his candidacy for Branch: his father had been

thrown off a tenant farm when he was a youth. "There were no eviction papers ever issued, man. I'm going to look those records up now."

The transition will not be easy. The three white clerks who worked in the probate judge's office have quit; Gilmore was able to retain just one white deputy. The county's white citizens have already fixed a critical eye on the new power structure. There is talk in the white community of an exodus from Greene County. Sheriff Gilmore is unconcerned by the reports: "That doesn't bother me. Let them go." But for the "white people of good will in Greene County," Gilmore said, the new political reality could force a change: "They have no place else to turn."

On Inauguration Day, though, the blacks were content simply to enjoy a special moment of jubilation. The Rev. Ralph Abernathy, head of the S.C.L.C., came to town and preached from atop a wagon parked across the street from Hattie Brasfield's Beauty Shoppe. But it was Judge Branch who really got things going, there in the crowded courtroom after he was sworn in. "I'm here because God wants me here," he said.

Yeah, Amen.

"This is an opportunity to serve my people. It is an opportunity ordained by God and it was substantiated by the voters of Greene County. I'm a little piece of leather but I'm well put together."

Tell it, brother.

"All men want to be free, irrespective of color."

Amen.

CHUCK DEBART



PROBATE JUDGE BRANCH & SHERIFF GILMORE

THE WORLD



CRUMPLED ALLIED PLANES AT PHNOM-PENH'S POCHENTONG AIRPORT



CAMBODIAN TROOPS AT PICH NIL PASS

Cambodia: Triumph and Terror

It began as a time of triumph for Cambodia's beleaguered regime. South of Phnom-Penh, Cambodian officers cheered "C'est fini!" and lit victory cigars as troops at last broke a two-month Communist hammer lock on vital Route 4. Hours later Air Cambodge's Caravelle jetliner flagship touched down at Phnom-Penh's Pochentong Airport, a sunny complex eight miles outside the capital. As he stepped out of the Caravelle, moon-faced Premier Lon Nol seemed pleased with his two-day trip to Saigon, during which he and his South Vietnamese allies had made a start toward settling some nagging differences.

Within seven hours satisfaction gave way to shock. In a daring assault that Washington officials grudgingly rated as brilliant, Communist sappers moved mortars and rockets undetected up to the city gates. Then in four murderous hours, they destroyed the airport, the Cambodian air force (about 40 craft) and tons of precious fuel and ammunition while hitting half a dozen other targets in and around Phnom-Penh. The speed, stealth and success of the raids ominously echoed the assaults that in an earlier and darker stage of the war repeatedly ripped places like Pleiku, Bien Hoa and Saigon—and did much to erode the confidence of the U.S. public.

Walls of Flame. The Communists gutted Pochentong with scandalous ease. When the first rockets and mortar rounds came pounding in on the airfield and a nearby army camp at 2:30 a.m., some of the Cambodian guards were killed and the rest took off in fear of their lives. Then one sapper squad of about ten men simply strolled into the main terminal building while another cut its way through the barbed wire on the air-

field periphery. At their leisure, the Communists carried powerful satchel charges to nearly every building, hangar and operational aircraft on the field.

Before long, TIME Correspondent Stan Cloud reported, "great walls of orange flame leapt into the moonlit sky, and explosion after explosion sent showers of pyrotechnic sparks into the air." On the airport road, Cloud saw "panic-stricken refugees, clutching children and personal possessions, streaming away from the holocaust. In a field a few hundred yards from the airport, hundreds of them huddled in the predawn darkness while the false sunset of the fire blazed before them. They watched the sky as if it were some huge motion-picture screen."

In diversionary attacks, Communist raiders occupied a railway station and shelled a munitions factory, a pagoda, the Cambodian navy base on the Mekong and a schoolyard in the city itself. On the horizon, the glow of flames could be seen above the town of Kompung Kantoet, 15 miles from the capital but well within its so-called "defense perimeter."

In military terms, said U.S. State Department spokesmen, the damage was "minimal." Psychologically, it was a mini-7er. Hospitals were filled with wounded; the dead were so numerous that their charred bodies were simply carted away from the airport in trucks. The official toll, admittedly incomplete, stood at 39 dead (including 26 civilians) and 170 injured (150 civilians). The military side of the airport, where the Cambodians had massed their vintage MIGs, American T-28s, French Magisters and borrowed South Vietnamese and American helicopters, was reduced to "a junkyard," as one U.S.

eyewitness described it. American and South Vietnamese aircraft were also hit.

Terrorism has been on the rise in Phnom-Penh for some time: at week's end bombs blasted a government office and the South Vietnamese ambassador's home. Said a U.S. intelligence officer: "They are going to strangle that city, and it could be done easily." Phnom-Penh's electrical power generators and waterworks are now figured to be high on the Communists' list of targets.

The strangulation process is already under way. Route 4, Phnom-Penh's link to the refinery at Kompong Som, was severed in November by 1,000 North Vietnamese entrenched in the rugged Elephant Mountains. It took more than 13,000 South Vietnamese and Cambodian troops, and considerable U.S. airpower, to dislodge them. The Communists' next highway target, it is speculated, may be Route 5, the capital's access to the rich Cambodian rice bowl.

Stealing Headlines. Despite the fire-works at Phnom-Penh, State Department and Pentagon analysts remain convinced that the Communists have no intention of seizing the capital. Rather, they see the raid as a high point in a campaign of harassment aimed at cutting off Lon Nol's contact with the countryside, disrupting vital highway traffic and undermining the authority of the Phnom-Penh regime. An attack in force on the capital, writes Lieut. Colonel Vincent R. Tocci, a Pentagon Asian expert, in the current *Armed Forces Journal*, "would quite possibly succeed. Yet it would be costly in manpower and material. And then who would rule the country?"

Coming so soon after the allies' Route 4 victory, the Phnom-Penh raid was also a public relations triumph for the



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is more like it. Simple, huh?

If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.



Communists. "They stole every headline in the world," said a Pentagon expert on Southeast Asia. "They didn't leave one for Pich Nil Pass." At the same time, however, the Communists took some heat off the Administration as a new controversy erupted over just how the Nixon Doctrine is being applied in Cambodia.

The flap began when newsmen reported that Cobra helicopter gunships, flown by U.S. pilots, had been supporting Cambodian and South Vietnamese troops on the Route 4 operation. Soon it was discovered that many of the Cobras came from an Army unit encamped on Phu Quoc Island, twelve miles off the Cambodian coast. To support the Cobras and supply other helicopters, if necessary, two Navy amphibious ships, the *Cleveland* and the *Iwo Jima*, have been steaming in lazy circles offshore. On top of that, an Army major was spotted by news photographers as he was running to board a helicopter near Route 4.

Look It Up. Congressional doves exploded. The Administration, they charged, was fudging on its pledge to use no ground forces in Cambodia and to employ airpower only for "interdiction" of Communist supplies headed for South Viet Nam. In the House, 64 Democrats lined up behind a resolution to ban combat-support operations in Cambodia that require either air- or seapower. Only last month Congress passed

legislative restrictions on the use of ground forces in Cambodia.

White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler conceded that U.S. air operations in Cambodia were now "different in scope and somewhat different in nature," but he denied that there had been any change in "the basic framework" of U.S. policy. State Department Spokesman John King smilingly told newsmen that *Webster's International Dictionary* (Third Edition) defines interdiction as "artillery fire or air attacks directed on a route or area to deny its use to the enemy." Example: Route 4.

Defense Secretary Melvin Laird was more blunt. Forget semantics, Laird said at a Pentagon press conference. Forget the word interdiction. Just call it "air support." He added: "As long as I am serving in this job, I will recommend that we use airpower." By that he meant everything from Cobra strikes to B-52 missions everywhere in Indochina.

The furor over air support sprang from the Cambodian operations, but it is the air war in Laos that has really grown intense. All but a handful of the 1,000 B-52 missions authorized by the Air Force each month in Indochina are now aimed at the Laos spur of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The pounding has pushed the "kill rate" of Communist trucks from an average of 100 a week to something approaching 500. As for combat support, there was no Admin-

istration denial when Minnesota Democrat Walter Mondale charged that U.S. helicopters recently ferried 1,000 Thai troops into southern Laos.

Oil Slick. But Cambodia is now the center of attention, and the possibility exists that the U.S. will eventually be forced to step up the air war there. Not once in recent months has the Lon Nol regime's 160,000-man army been able to dislodge dug-in Communist troops without calling on U.S. air support. "What we will have to do," said a U.S. official, "is exactly what we did in Viet Nam in 1965—draw the population into the cities and large towns and then turn the rest of the country into a free-fire zone. It's the old oil-slick principle."

But would any new strategy require a new commitment of U.S. ground troops, in violation of congressional curbs and White House pledges? Not as far as Laird is concerned. "We will not—and I repeat it again, *not*—commit U.S. ground combat forces to Cambodia directly or indirectly," he said last week, not even if Cambodia were to fall. But at week's end Administration officials were emphasizing that a friendly regime in Phnom-Penh is essential to a smooth U.S. withdrawal from South Viet Nam. This week or next Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J.W. Fulbright will hold his first Indochina hearings since last fall, and he is sure to ask Laird and other witnesses the crucial question: How essential?



Grisly Trophies

LIKE most wars, the one in Indochina has bred an almost casual brutality. At Mien, a small town north-east of Phnom-Penh where bitter fighting raged two months ago, West German Photographer Dieter Ludwig was present when two Cambodian patrols returned from forays into chest-high rice fields. The first patrol brought in a North Vietnamese prisoner for interrogation (above); he talked freely after the second patrol arrived waving some grisly trophies—the severed heads of other North Vietnamese troops. Some of the Cambodians marked their victory by cutting the livers out of the enemy dead.

No side in the war has a monopoly on such horrors. The Communists have committed more than their share of atrocities. At the My Lai trial in Fort Benning, Ga., Radio Operator Robert van Leer told of how the Viet Cong dealt with one captured American soldier. They fitted a bird-cage-like device around his head, said Van Leer, then filled it with live rats.



UNITED NATIONS

Job Opening?

He has been on the job longer than anybody else, and he sounds tired and discouraged. Last week, eleven months before his second five-year term is to expire, United Nations Secretary-General U Thant announced: "I have no intentions whatsoever of serving beyond the present term." There was little doubt that Thant, who turned 62 last week, meant what he said. The question was, who could succeed him?

Few Candidates. The problem is not that Thant is so peerless an administrator, statesman or anything else—far from it. It is rather that there are few candidates who are not objectionable

to the Black Africans (too unpredictable on any issue but race and colonialization), and the Russians feel that everything south of the Rio Grande except Cuba and Chile is a Yankee playground. Finally, since Communist China is likely to become a U.N. member in the next few years, some countries want a new Secretary-General to come from a nation that recognizes Peking.

No one of stature meets quite all of these qualifications. Nonetheless, a number of men are being actively discussed: ▶ U.N. Ambassador Max Jakobson of Finland. An able, easygoing diplomat, Jakobson, 47, has won high marks from most Arab delegates for his fairness on the Middle East conflict, but he is Jewish. Moreover, he would be the third

lewy Amerasinghe; former U.N. Ambassador Endalkachew Makonnen of Ethiopia; and Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan of Iran, uncle of the Aga Khan and U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. When the points are added up, however, it is hard to beat the score of a certain soft-spoken Asian who comes from a small, neutral, underdeveloped country that recognizes Peking, who has kept on reasonably good terms with both superpowers, and who reflects what one diplomat calls "a comfortable level of mediocrity." As a result, some believe that for the second straight time U Thant may find it impossible to resist a draft.

Thant's sense of futility about his job is not difficult to understand. Last week Egypt made headlines by revealing that it will not at present demand a U.N. Security Council meeting to discuss the Middle East, Israel and the U.S. greeted the decision with relief, and so did many other nations who are convinced that an emotional, theatrical debate in the U.N. would skewer any real chances for achieving a settlement.

DISARMAMENT

Souring on SALT?

Moscow and Washington launched the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) 14 months ago on a note of guarded optimism. Last week, with the talks due to resume in Vienna in mid-March, the mood was one of gloom. In Washington, a top-level White House official said that the Administration believed Moscow has failed to make the basic "political decision" on the desirability of setting limits on its military capability. Yet the prestigious Federation of American Scientists has charged the Administration with precisely the same failure and warned that, as a result, SALT may produce nothing but a "sham" agreement.

Megaton Monster. Behind the pessimism is the deep distrust with which the U.S. and the Soviet Union view each other's proposals. The U.S. plan contemplates a comprehensive limit on both offensive and defensive weaponry. It calls for a numerical limit of about 1,900 delivery vehicles for each side. The exact mix within that limit would be left to each power to decide. Within the quantitative limit, each side could make a number of qualitative improvements on existing weapons systems.

The U.S. plan did not appeal to Moscow on several counts. To begin with, it proposed a special limit on the Soviet SS-9 rocket, a 25-megaton monster (v. five megatons for the largest American ICBM). In addition, the U.S. plan did not include Europe-based U.S. and NATO bombers or Sixth Fleet aircraft, though they are capable of striking targets within the Soviet Union.

Moscow countered with a proposal that the two sides start off more modestly—by limiting deployment of



LEE



FEI



SADRUDDIN



JAKOBSON



THANT

The first requirement is to pass muster with the Directorate.

for one reason or another. Thant gallantly said that "regional considerations" should play no part in the choice of his successor, but they will. So will racial, religious, ideological and even emotional considerations. No one representing either of the superpowers or their closest allies has a chance. Yet a candidate must pass muster with both Washington and Moscow—the "Directorate," as Brazil's Ambassador João Augusto de Araújo Castro calls the superpowers.

Nations whose external problems might disrupt world peace are also probably disqualified—Israel and the Arab states, for example, or India and Pakistan. There is some feeling that a new chief U.N. executive should come from a country that is neutral, small and underdeveloped—which rules out Japan, among others. Since the first two men to hold the job, Norway's Trygve Lie and Sweden's Dag Hammarskjöld, were white Europeans and Thant is from Burma, many African and Latin delegates believe that it is their turn. But neither Moscow nor Washington wholly

Scandinavian—and white man—to be Secretary-General.

▶ Kurt Waldheim, 52, former Austrian Foreign Minister. Although he is well liked at the U.N., Waldheim's availability depends in large part on the results of Austria's presidential election in April, in which he is a candidate. It also depends on whether Moscow is convinced that Austria is genuinely neutral or is covertly seeking closer ties to the West.

▶ Lee Kuan Yew, 47, Prime Minister of Singapore. One of Asia's most articulate statesmen, Lee is usually dismissed—and rules himself out—on the grounds that he is too much a man of action for the U.N.'s brand of turtle-race diplomacy. In addition, Lee may be too anti-Communist for the job. Nevertheless, his name is often mentioned.

▶ Alfonso García Robles, 59, Mexico's ambassador to the U.N. Though he is capable, García might be considered by the Soviets too close to the U.S. thumb.

Other possibilities include former Chilean President Eduardo Frei; Ceylon's U.N. Ambassador Hamilton Shir-

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anti-ballistic missile (ABM) systems to their respective capitals. U.S. proponents of arms control swiftly urged Nixon to accept the plan. They pointed out that it would save the U.S. the enormous cost of continuing to develop its Safeguard ABM system, which has been deployed around selected Minuteman missile sites despite strong objections in Congress. Moscow has been guarded by a ring of 64 ABMs since 1967, but none have been deployed since then.

An ABM limit might break the "action-reaction cycle," which encourages each side to develop ever more deadly weapons capable of cracking enemy defenses. With ABM in place, both sides are encouraged to work on MIRV (for multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles), a system that equips a single rocket with several warheads and is designed to pierce ABM defenses. With ABMs severely limited, the need for MIRV weapons would be reduced.

Finally, as supporters of the Soviet plan noted, the Johnson Administration offered just such a proposal to Moscow in early 1967. Although the Russians rejected it then, argued the disarmament proponents, there was no reason for the U.S. to hesitate in accepting it now.

The Administration disagreed and turned down Moscow's plan. White House strategists contend that the Soviets are merely trying to get rid of Safeguard on the cheap. The Russians, they claim, fret that the ABM can be upgraded from a shield for individual silos into a defense for much wider areas against a Soviet counterstrike. That would enable the U.S. to launch a first strike against the Soviet Union with less fear of retaliation, upsetting the nuclear "balance of terror."

Mere Umbrella. It is also argued that Moscow's plan would place no limit on the SS-9, the Soviet weapon that most worries the U.S. The huge SS-9 could crack even hardened missile silos, thus opening the way for a Soviet strike at military, industrial and civilian centers with less fear of retaliation.

Actually, the Soviets have already halted deployment of the SS-9. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird feels that the halt is temporary; he has speculated that the Soviets might be pausing to refit the rocket with their own version of MIRV. As a result, Administration planners argue the U.S. should not give away its Safeguard "bargaining chip" until the Soviets are willing to put theirs, the SS-9, in the same package.

Even if the Nixon plan were accepted, says Morton H. Halperin, a former member of the National Security Council and now a leading member of the Federation of American Scientists, it would merely provide an "umbrella" beneath which both sides can continue to spend vast sums improving their weapons. Despite the businesslike atmosphere among the SALT negotiators so far, both Washington and Moscow continue to view the other capital's activities and intentions in the worst possible light.

BRITAIN

Pigeons and Pirates

As early as 1557, Britain's mail carriers were complaining about their paltry wages. According to one sympathetic chronicler, in that "busy time of the warres they were not habile to lyve of XlId [12 pence] by the daye, which in time of peace was their ordinary wages." Not until last week, however, did the country's long-suffering letter carriers finally get around to staging the first nationwide strike in the history of the British post office. Britain's distinctive red mailboxes were sealed with brown tape as most of the 230,000 members of the Union of Post Office Workers (U.P.W.) walked off the job.

The U.P.W. wants most of the telephone and telegraph services—and handles 35 million letters and 500,000 parcels a day. Its members demanded a 15% increase in their pay, which now ranges from \$36 to \$66 a week. The post office, \$72 million in the red last year, offered only 8%. U.P.W. leader Tom Jackson, a barrel-shaped ex-sailor with a formidable ten-inch mustache, called his men out.

Determined Bulldog. The nation met the strike with its customary equanimity and ingenuity. Posts and Telecommunications Minister Christopher Chataway suspended the post office's century-old monopoly on letter and parcel handling and invited private operators to deliver the mail. Almost immediately, independent operators, dubbed "pirates" by the press, mobilized horses, courier vans, charter aircraft, pigeons and even the members of motorcycle gangs.

To aid his church's restoration fund, the Rev. David Hill of Luton offered to deliver parishioners' letters for 30c each. Scotland's electricity board got employees' wives to distribute bills by hand. For 72c a letter, one outfit collected mail from London firms and delivered it to Paris by plane. A London builder and decorator named Tim Randall, 24, recruited seven "postmen," mostly students, at 96c an hour to deliver letters.

During the first 24 hours of the strike, the students carried 1,000 letters with Randall's own 24c stamp. Such individually designed stamps, some of which depict a dogged-looking Winston Churchill or a determined bulldog, are already bringing \$2.40 from philatelists.

The football pools, massively dependent on the mails, sent out three weeks of coupons in advance and had most of the 12 million in hand before the walkout began. Other firms are taking advantage of the fact that 8,000 telephone operators have remained on the job, keeping many phone and telex lines open.

Those entrepreneurs who have resorted to pigeon post have had mixed results. The mating season has just begun, and a pigeon named Concorde, assigned to fly 170 miles with microfilmed letters tied to one leg, was found dallying in a loft only a mile from its starting point. But another bird carrying a microfilmed letter between two brothers in London and Portsmouth arrived in only 21 hours.

The postmen, whose union is too



U.P.W. LEADER JACKSON

MOTORCYCLIST DELIVERING MAIL IN LONDON



poor to afford strike pay, are taking care not to make themselves as unpopular as the electrical workers did seven weeks ago. On two afternoons last week, they voluntarily appeared to deliver family allowances to mothers and pension checks to old folks. Nonetheless, the fund of good will is likely to dwindle as pools coupons, checks and love letters go undelivered. That is precisely what Prime Minister Edward Heath's government wants. Heath confronts an American-style situation. While prices are rising, so is unemployment, which last week reached 690,707, or 3% of the working force, the highest since 1963.

Heath's Conservative government has been trying to take a tough line on inflationary union demands. It is also pushing vigorously for passage of a controversial industrial relations bill that will make labor contracts legally binding and thereby reduce shop-floor pressures for inflationary wage increases. When the government sought last week to curtail debate on the measure, the House of Commons erupted in the noisiest parliamentary session since Heath took office. From Labor benches came shouts of "Fascist!" "Dictator!" and "Reichstag!" At one point Tory and Labor whips were facing each other down and waving so angrily that a fist-fight almost started.

"This Miserable Little Case"

"Absolute bunkum!" snorted Home Secretary Reginald Maudling when a television interviewer asked him if he thought Britain was abandoning some of its cherished liberal traditions. There were, however, many Britons who were prepared to challenge Maudling on that point last week as a result of his handling of the "Red" Rudi Dutschke case.

Shortly after Dutschke was shot in the head by a right-wing assassin in West Berlin nearly three years ago, the fiery radical student leader was granted permission to recuperate in Britain. James Callaghan, then Home Secretary in Harold Wilson's Labor government, imposed one condition—that Dutschke refrain from any political activity. Suffering from partial blindness and frequent epileptic attacks, Dutschke settled in Cambridge with his American wife and two small children.

After Labor's defeat in last June's national elections, Maudling re-examined the Dutschke case on behalf of the new Tory government and ruled that people should not be let into Britain and then denied their normal rights. But Maudling was not prepared to grant Dutschke the right to engage in politics. Ergo, Dutschke would have to go.

Dutschke appealed the ruling to a five-man tribunal that reviews Home Office decisions. Since the Home Secretary chose to defend his actions as a matter involving national security, some of the deliberations were held in se-

cret, and Dutschke was not even informed of the evidence against him. The tribunal held that while Dutschke did not pose "any appreciable threat to national security," he violated his commitment to refrain from political activity by meeting with radicals in Britain and by traveling to Calais and Berlin to confer with like-minded revolutionaries.

Star Chamber. Many Britons who thoroughly disagree with Rudi's Maoist politics accept his argument that merely discussing politics does not constitute political activity. There was also the suspicion that Britain's secret service tapped his telephone, a practice that evokes special revulsion in Britain. Protest marches were staged at Cambridge and other



DUTSCHKE WITH WIFE IN LONDON
Nervous as a tabby cat.

universities, and the *Financial Times* warned that "only vigilance can prevent creeping incursions of Star Chamber techniques."

During a three-hour debate on the matter in the House of Commons, Callaghan argued that Dutschke had not gone back on his commitment. "Dutschke's views may be repugnant, but it would have been more in keeping with our traditions to have let him stay," declared Callaghan. "We are betraying democracy if we behave, as the government are doing, with all the reactions of a nervous and frightened tabby pussycat." But the ruling Conservatives supported Maudling in what Callaghan called "this miserable little case" by a vote of 295 to 237, confirming that Dutschke and his family must leave Britain. Dutschke, who still suffers from speech difficulties and epilepsy, is waiting for permission to enter Denmark as assistant tutor at Aarhus University's Institute for the History of Ideas.

THE COMMONWEALTH Delaying a Showdown

No one left happy. After one of the longest and most acrimonious sessions in the 40-year history of the Commonwealth, a New Zealander complained: "The British were incredibly stupid and the Africans overemotional."

The paramount issue at the Singapore meeting of Commonwealth leaders was Britain's intention to resume arms sales to the white-supremacist regime of South Africa. At one point during the debate, the heads of delegations from the 31 Commonwealth nations left their huge elliptical conference table and retired to a basement room, locking the doors to all aides. There the heads of state thrashed out the highly charged issue. They reached grudging agreement on a compromise, but then, in an atmosphere that one participant described as "unbelievably emotional and bitter," redebated it during the formal session until 4 the next morning.

What finally emerged was a plan that may merely delay a fateful showdown. For the next several months, an eight-member panel will study the recent increase in Soviet naval activity in the Indian Ocean, which Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath claims has made the sale of frigates and other military equipment to the Pretoria regime a strategic necessity.

With typical bluntness and single-mindedness, Heath refused to budge from his determination to make the sale. At the same time, the Commonwealth's African members—particularly Tanzania, Uganda and Zambia—steadfastly maintained their total opposition to handing modern arms to South Africa's apartheid rulers. Unless one or the other undergoes a change of heart, the crunch may yet come.

Bellfoul. If it does, it could bring a walkout of several Black African nations and possibly India and Canada as well. "If Heath goes through with the arms deal," said Uganda's Milton Obote, "he will be giving the Russians—and later the Chinese—an open invitation to go to Africa and replace the British and other Western powers."

For his part, Heath seemed to have had a bellfoul of criticism. After his marathon session with other P.M.s, the British Prime Minister is reported to have remarked acidly: "I got the impression some of them didn't know where the Indian Ocean was."

Heath is certain to hear a good deal more criticism. Back in Britain, former Prime Minister Harold Wilson, whose Labor government banned arms sales to South Africa in 1964, seemed to be setting the stage for a major political contest on the issue. Speaking in Norwich, Wilson labeled his successor a "pathetic" politician who displayed "mulish stubbornness" and "personal prejudice" in Singapore and who proved that he was "not big enough to stand up to the bullies in his own party."



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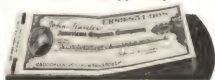
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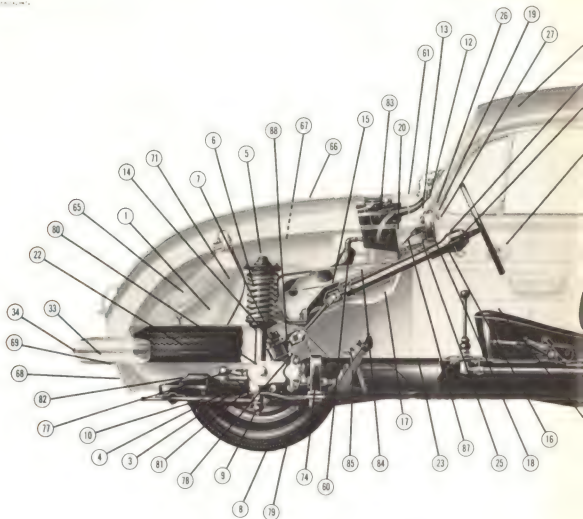
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3-4. Jigger front between * marks the upper
feather stop feather.

5.6 New front suspension. To make it super simple and quiet.

7. Shorter turning circle. (If shorter turn, what else? And easier parking.)

10 Snow stopper bar. Five partner connections.

11. Flow-through ventilation 12. Low-speed blower for freight air with the wind van closed

13. Two new fresh air outlets
14. New steering box 15. New steering

column for easier steering.

Improving air transport: An improved road passenger transportation system

11. Support your title.

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22. put a letter to the hand (to deliver something)

2. *Amphispiza bilineata*

27. *Alcedo everettii* (Bourc.)

☐ *Identify the subject and predicate.*
☐ *Identify the main clause.*
☐ *Identify the subordinate clause.*

the process the letter is not a letter.

30. A few years ago, I got into the
Columbian Museum.

31. *Isaiah* 40:1-11
32. *Isaiah* 40:1-11

25. *Phylogenetic relationships among the*

improvements, 35 to 54 help make the on-

from their parents and sister. Run Designer and Designer.

29. *Neurospora crassa*

37 Nerv. glomer. frontalis

40. [Khan, 1996, pp. 100–101, discussion of proof]

- 41. View content online
- 42. View double vacuum advance

46 New thermostat-controlled air cleaner.

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Black Africa a Decade Later

THE ritual was staged again and again a decade ago. The stadium would fill with cheering Africans. The band would play a tattoo. Schoolchildren would scramble forward to lay papier-mâché dragons representing poverty, ignorance and disease. Fireworks would ignite the southern sky. At midnight a throaty cheer of "Uhuru!" (Swahili for "freedom") or "Kwacha!" ("dawn" in Bemba and Nyanja) would shake the ground as the flag of the colonial power was lowered and the colors of the new nation raised.

In all, 17 of Black Africa's 34 countries (see map) marched to independence in 1960, and 13 have followed since. As the continent was swept by a "wind of change," in Harold Macmillan's famous phrase, one former colony after another set out on its own, buoyed by unreasonably high hopes. Few captured the heady mood more eloquently than Julius Nyerere, who marked Tanganyika's independence in 1961 by sending an expedition to plant a flag and a torch atop Mount Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest peak. "It will shine beyond our borders," said Nyerere, "giving hope where there was despair, love where there was hate, and dignity where before there was only humiliation."

For Tanzania, Nyerere's reborn nation, and for the rest of the countries that entered the 1960s with such great expectations, the torch has proved a flickering beacon. Some of the dreams of *uhuru* have been shattered; a very few, such as the founding of the Organization for African Unity in 1963, have been fulfilled. Black Africa is embarking on its second decade of independence with a more realistic outlook and sounder, brighter hopes of genuine progress. But the prediction that the Duke of Gloucester offered to the leaders of Nigeria in 1959 still rings true: "The future may not be easy. You have a heavy task before you."

Uneven Leadership. Since then, civil wars have ravaged two of Black Africa's biggest, most populous and potentially richest nations, the Congo and Nigeria. No fewer than 28 countries have experienced either a coup or a serious disturbance. Ten have been forced to call in foreign troops for help. Last month Guinea was invaded by a 350-man band that may have included Portuguese troops as well as Guinean dissidents.

Some of Africa's failures can be traced to the shortcomings of its leaders. As in most new countries, the first Presidents and Premiers were primarily freedom fighters, with scant experience in statecraft. Still, few nations have leaders more dedicated or imaginative than Tanzania's Nyerere, Niger's Hamani Diori and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda. Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, like Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie, is an elder statesman who has imposed a degree of stability on his heterogeneous coun-

try. Of the soldiers who now rule nine African nations, at least two—Nigeria's Yakubu Gowon and the Congo's Joseph Mobutu—have restored order to their countries after years of chaos.

The casualties among Africa's first generation of leaders have been heavy: Nigeria's Sir Abubakar Balewa, Togo's Sylvanus Olympio, the Congo's Patrice Lumumba were all killed. Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah was overthrown in 1966; Kenya's brilliant young Tom Mboya was assassinated in 1969.

On the other hand, many popinjays have endured. In Lesotho, Prime Minister Chief Leabua Jonathan, 56, engineered a coup last year after he was voted out at the polls. Nyerere's Vice President, Aheid Karume, 64, runs Moslem-dominated Zanzibar as an island unto itself, despite its 1964 incorporation into Tanzania; Karume has instituted "reforms" like forcing 14- and 15-year-old Zanzibar Asian girls to marry black Revolutionary Council members, including himself. In Equatorial (formerly

Spanish) Guinea, following a business dispute with a West German pump manufacturer, President Francisco Macias Nguema seized the industrialist's wife last month and released her only two weeks ago for a ransom of \$1,600,000.

Desperate Poverty. Despite Africanization programs aimed at placing political and economic power in indigenous hands, a grating degree of dependence on Europe persists. Small wonder: when the Belgians withdrew, the Congo had 13 college graduates; when the French left, Gabon had none. Of 34 Black African airlines, only Ethiopia's uses black captains on its major runs (though several use African pilots on local flights).

British Africa is still very British in some respects. Malawi's Supreme Court is all white. British experts run Zambia's communications systems and serve as advisers to many of Kenya's ministries. Kenya's farming system is basically run by whites, as are Zambia's vital copper mines.

Reliance on whites is even stronger in former French Africa. French *conseillers techniques* swarm over Gabon, and as one of them puts it: "We no longer





NIGERIAN INDEPENDENCE, 1960



MOUNT KILIMANJARO, 1961



CONGO UPHEAVAL, 1962



NKRUMAH AT O.A.U., 1963

er rule, we only advise. But if they don't take our advice—phfft! It's their country." In Abidjan, capital of the Ivory Coast, there are more than twice as many Frenchmen as there were in 1960. Ministerial office suites are constructed with two offices of equal size, one for the minister, the other for his French "second." In Niger, as elsewhere, students in the French-controlled schools are required to study the same subjects at the same levels of proficiency as children in Paris. Complains President Diiori: "Our schools are programmed for the one student who will go on to university, not for the 999 who should be studying farming."

Economically, Black Africa has fared badly. It has 221 million people, or 8% of the world's population, but only 1% of the world's gross national product. Its per-capita income has increased only 1.5% a year in the past decade, and its share of world exports has declined from 2.6% in 1963 to 2.3% in 1969. Much of its economic malaise can be traced directly to the dizzyly fluctuating prices of its export commodities. Copper (94% of Zambia's export and 60% of the Congo's) dropped in value from \$1,600 a ton last March to \$1,140 in August. Sisal (once Tanzania's leading export) has dropped from \$18.16 per 100 lbs. in 1963 to \$6.64 last August. Statistics about Africa are woefully inadequate; economists differ over whether Nigeria's per-capita income is \$120 or \$80. But the figures underscore the fact that Africa is desperately poor.

"Our society," says Diiori, "has not yet found the means to guarantee our citizens the minimum needs of life."

In the coming decades, Black Africa may have to rely heavily on itself for economic development. Private investment has always been inadequate, except in exploiting proven natural resources—Nigeria's oil, Zambia's copper, the Congo's minerals. Foreign aid will be harder to get and more expensive to accept than ever. In the face of what they regard as apathy from the West, some African governments have turned to the Communist powers for help. Tanzania and Zambia have begun construction of a 1,161-mile, \$450 million railway that is being paid for with an interest-free loan from China; the Western powers declined to help.

Virtual Satellites. Throughout the 1970s, Black Africa's most serious political problem, apart from internal instability, will be its relationship with the white-ruled countries south of the Zambezi River (South Africa and Rhodesia) and with the Portuguese territories. At the time of independence, many Black African leaders predicted that the white regimes would be toppled within five or ten years. Now they know better. Guerrillas have harassed Portuguese Guinea, Mozambique and Angola, but there is no indication that Lisbon is ready to withdraw.

South Africa remains rich and strong, and has made virtual satellites of four small black states that lie near by or within its borders: Swaziland, Lesotho, Bot-

swana and Malawi. But in the long term, the Africans believe, time and the birth rate are on their side. Rhodesia's population today is black by a ratio of 21 to 1; by the year 2050, it will be 156 to 1.

The ideal of Black African unity seems as remote today as the fall of Pretoria. A few regional organizations—for example, the East African Community, a common market comprising Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda—have been moderately successful. But the African Development Bank, created to finance regional cooperation schemes, has little money to lend because only nine African states have paid up their allotted subscriptions. "What are we supposed to share?" asks the Ivory Coast's President, Félix Houphouët-Boigny. "Each other's poverty?"

Is Black Africa to be despaired of, then? By no means. AS TIME Nairobi Correspondent John Blashill notes: "Independence has not brought prosperity, nor even, in many cases, political freedom. But neither has Black Africa collapsed, as the South Africans had forecast and many Belgians, among others, had hoped. Its leaders have become less dogmatic, more realistic about what they can do and how fast. In the long run, their prospects are bright. Africa is rich, salted with minerals, blessed with vast stretches of fertile land. It is underpopulated and underexploited. Properly cultivated, it could feed the world by itself."

Real progress will depend on many

CONGO REFUGEES, 1964



RHODESIAN SECESSION, 1965



BOTSWANA INDEPENDENCE, 1966



ANTI-PORUGUESE REBEL, 1967



BIAFRA, 1968



MBOYA, KILLED IN 1969



NIGERIAN VICTORY, 1970



complex factors: more efficient farm tools, better nourishment, the conquest of debilitating disease. Most important may be education. As Niger's eloquent President Diouri puts it: "What's left after ten years of independence? The need to learn, and the need to be prudent. We can't all have expressways and airports."

The school population, which has already doubled and even quadrupled in many countries since independence, will continue to grow but will be hampered by limited funds. Tanzania, for instance, announced in 1969 that it would not achieve universal primary education until 1989. More curriculums throughout Africa will aim at producing scientific farmers rather than scholars, and more countries will quit trying to force the process of industrialization and will gear their development to the slow pace of peasant agriculture.

Tribal Rivalries. Even tribalism, that chronic cause of many of the area's ills, may not prove indomitable. To be sure, it was at the root of the Nigerian and Congolese civil wars; it pitted Watutsi against Bahutu in Rwanda and Burundi, Kikuyu against Luo in Kenya, and Somali tribesmen against the armies of Kenya and Ethiopia in the Horn of Africa. Eventually, urbanization—with all its ills—may "cure" the problem by destroying the ties of family and tradition that bind tribes together.

Politically, too, the outlook is perhaps more hopeful than at any other time since the beginning of the 1960s. One-party states have multiplied, partly because the parties were outgrowths of independence movements, and partly because they provided necessary undergirding for fragile governments. Africa now has 26 one-party states. In the future, more and more of them may emulate the experiments of Tanzania and Kenya. Both have managed to conduct one-party elections in which as many as 60% of the incumbents were defeated. In November's elections in Tanzania, Nyerere was re-elected, unopposed, to another five-year term, but a dozen members of Parliament and two of his 16 Ministers were beaten.

Artificial Units. Reflecting on Black Africa's first decade of independence, Nyerere told TIME's James Wilde and Eric Robins: "After independence, we were disappointed the Western countries. We did not become what they wanted us to become." But Nyerere pointed out: "These new countries were artificial units, geographical expressions carved on the map by European imperialists. These are the units we have tried to turn into nations. Well, we have achieved our independence; we have achieved maturity. Given those limitations, I think we have done extremely well."

To some, that appraisal may seem unduly optimistic. Yet it is also true that scarcely a century has passed since Arab dhows called regularly along the crystal coastline of Dar es Salaam, Julius Nyerere's capital, to carry chained black men into slavery.



GUERRILLA PEACE POSTER
Toward a less belligerent image.

MIDDLE EAST The Withering Rose

In countless Arab cities and towns, walls have long been plastered with posters depicting fierce guerrillas wielding blazing Kalashnikov submachine guns. Now Al-Fatah, largest of the fedayeen organizations, is trying to create a less belligerent image. The newest Fatah wall poster shows a rose growing out of a gun barrel, a Picasso-style peace dove and the English inscription **FOR LOVE, PEACE AND FREEDOM**.

Love and peace have so far proved elusive. Last September, the guerrillas and the Jordanian army fought a ten-day civil war in which 2,000 died. Since then, there have been four major clashes between the fedayeen and King Hussein's soldiers. Each time the guerrillas came off second best; the most recent skirmish two weeks ago cost them 20 men. The fedayeen are also fighting one another, at least with words. George Habash, leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, last week declared coexistence with Jordan impossible and openly called for Hussein's overthrow. Fatah, which seeks harmony with Hussein as the safest course, suggested that the Popular Front was giving the King's men a pretext to attack guerrilla groups.

On one issue, however, the fedayeen seemed united. When the semi-official Cairo newspaper *Al-Ahram* claimed that the guerrillas "unanimously" supported efforts by Egypt and Jordan to achieve a settlement with Israel, the major fedayeen organizations brusquely denied the story. Fedayeen spokesmen agreed that if the Arab governments wanted to negotiate with Israel to recover their lost territories, they would have no objection—as long as the negotiations did not impinge on Palestinian rights.

WEST GERMANY

Happy Birthday, 73/1970

When Heinz-Georg and Maria Treyz submitted the name of their newborn son to be officially registered in the Bavarian town of Erding (pop. 11,500), they were greeted with a mixture of perplexity and horror. In 27 years on the job, the town registrar informed them, he had never been presented with the name "Che." Even in Argentina, he noted, it is not a proper first name but translates roughly as "hey, you." Also, he added, one cannot tell whether the name refers to a boy or a girl. Acting within his powers under German law, he rejected the name.

To counter the complaint about sexual confusion, the parents gave the baby a hyphenated name, Che-Michael, and went back for another try. Still the registrar would not accept the name. Angered, the Treyzes decided that they would fight it out in the courts. Explained Heinz-Georg, an electronics technician: "I'm against ideologies. It's Che as a man, a human being, who impresses us. Someone who gave up all material comforts and devoted himself to help the poor and was willing ultimately to pay with his life."

Though a registrar in upper Bavaria recently accepted the name of Che-Christian-Fausten Pospisil, the Treyzes have lost their battle in two lower courts. They are now appealing to higher courts, a process that may take as long as two years. Their child will be celebrating his first birthday next week, yet he is still legally nameless. Until the courts come to a final decision, Che-Michael will continue to be officially known in Erding by his registration number: 73/1970.

CHRISTIAN STROG



LITTLE CHE & GUEVARA POSTER
Cribbed name.

PEOPLE

Lyndon Baines Johnson was helping dedicate the School of Public Affairs building named after him at the University of Texas last week, and experienced L.B.J. watchers noticed that something new had been added. For the first time in public, the ex-President was wearing hearing-aid glasses with the plug in his right ear. Up stepped a reporter after the ceremonies. "How long have you been wearing a hearing aid, sir?" he asked. Johnson beamed. "Fine, fine. Glad to see you," he said.

The moment they met, everyone could tell that this was the real thing. Actress **Joan Crawford** and **Lassie** found each other as winners of Benrus Citation Awards "for outstanding achievements based on time"—the lady as the star with the longest time span in films (45 years), the dog as star of the longest running drama in television (17 years). Gushed Miss Crawford, when she recovered her breath: "I waited 17 years

story told in court so that people can see what can happen to an absent-minded individual."

Latest nurse to tell all is **Rita Dallas**, 50, who took care of the paralyzed **Joseph P. Kennedy** for most of the last eight years of his life (1961-69), and serves up a smorgasbord of anecdote in the current *Ladies' Home Journal*. Tidbits: The Kennedy boys were not shy about their bodies, as Widow Dallas discovered when Mother **Rose Kennedy** asked her to deliver towels to Ted and three friends in the sauna. In the White House, **John F. Kennedy** once summoned her for an interview while he was soaking in the tub. "I was so uncomfortable that I took a washcloth off the rack and threw it to him to cover up. After all, he was the President of the United States!" Because she was "surrounded by the effeminate men who so often inhabit the world of rich women," **Jacqueline Kennedy** worried for a



VIVA AT WORK
Sweating out a new superstar.

Mars, and is about to try a new role: motherhood. It should, as her novel's heroine might say, be quite a trip.

That battling hard, **Muhammad Ali**, treated the TV audience of the *Flip Wilson Show* to a poetic version of his March 8 fight with World Heavyweight Champion **Joe Frazier**: "Now he lands a right. What a beautiful swing! And the punch throws Frazier clean out of the ring. Now Frazier disappears from view. The crowd is getting frantic. But our radars have picked him up. He's somewhere over the Atlantic! Who would have thought when they came to the fight that they would witness the launching of a black satellite."



WILSON & ALI
Black man in space?



STARS LASSIE & CRAWFORD
Boy meets girl.

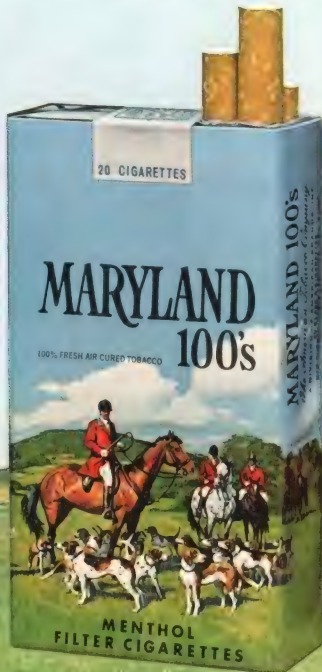
to meet Lassie, and the way he kissed me—he's a real male. Of all my screen kisses, that was the warmest and most affectionate." Lassie could only pant.

Paint, wine, Bering cigars were on his shopping list. He stopped first at the tobacco counter of a drugstore in McLean, Va. No Berings. He took a couple of 95¢ three-packs of Cuesta-Reys instead. Then looked at his watch. It was 12:45 p.m.—no time to get the paint and wine if he was going to make the basketball game at the local Boys' Club. He hurried outside and WHAM—the long arm of the law nabbed him. Shoplifting! Yes, there was the unpaid-for pack of Cuesta-Reys in his pocket. But look here, officer... Down at the McLean substation they booked, mugged and fingerprinted former Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall**, then released him to appear in court Jan. 28. "It's just incredible to me that this sort of thing can happen to an American," sputtered Udall. "I want the whole

while about what traits "artistically inclined" **John Jr.** might develop in the absence of a strong father. "I can't imagine anything worse," said Jackie, "than having your son turn out to be a hairdresser." Long before Chappaquiddick, Ted was getting lost on Cape Cod. Nurse Dallas was along one day when he was taking his ailing father for a drive. "I'm lost again, Dad," said Ted, "you'll have to show me the way home."

"Say, is there any place a mutant can get a decent meal around here?" That quaint query is a line from a "contemporary and American opera" called *Escudator Over the Hill*. And who is recording it but **Viva**, underground superstar of such **Andy Warhol** hand-held flicks as *Blue Movie* and *Bike Boy*, and brand-new author of a rather autobiographical and hilariously funny novel called *Superstar*. Mrs. Michel Audier in relatively real life, Viva combines the best features of a beautiful woman, a four-year-old child and a man from

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BEHAVIOR



HURLING DARTS AT STEPFATHER

Diagnosis by Drawing

"Draw a picture of everyone in your family doing something." Those are the simple instructions that Psychiatrist S. Harvard Kaufman and Psychologist Robert C. Burns give to children sent to them for treatment. In their new book, *Kinetic Family Drawings* (Brunner/Mazel; \$8.95) the two therapists show some of the kinetic, or action, pictures drawn by their young patients and explain how the crude art reveals more fully than thousands of words what is troubling the children.

The idea of evaluating the intellectual and emotional makeup of a child by analyzing his drawings did not originate with Kaufman and Burns. Ever since the 1920s, psychologists have been measuring intelligence by asking children to draw a person (the *W-A-P* test). For the past two decades, clues to children's emotional problems have been found in their drawings of a house, a tree and a person (the *H-T-P* technique). By requiring children to draw their families in action, however, Kaufman and Burns believe they have opened new avenues of investigation. In fact, they say, kinetic family drawings "tell us more than we can decipher."

Isolated Children. What the therapists find most intriguing are some of the recurring themes that reveal how children feel about their families. Kids who feel neglected will time and again draw their mothers cleaning house and their fathers driving off to work, while "tough or castrating" fathers are often pictured mowing the lawn or chopping wood. The cat, soft and furry but armed with claws—a creature symbolizing ambivalence—turns up frequently in pictures by girls who both love and hate their mothers.

Youngsters who feel isolated, like Mike, 17, frequently draw family members doing things alone in separate rooms instead of together. Mike also showed his mother at work in the kitchen with her back turned, and he drew himself "stealing" food (loaf) from the cold refrigerator. When they first took him to Psychiatrist Kaufman, Mike's parents insisted that the family was close. But they finally admitted to Kaufman what their son's drawings made painfully clear—that they "didn't give a damn what happened to Mike."

Sometimes children leave out of their



CROSSING OUT DANGEROUS WISHES



SEPARATING THE FAMILY
New clues to emotional problems.

pictures the very things that bother them most. Mary, 12, who had been raped by her brother, drew him sitting in a chair that concealed his body below the waist. Tim, 16, who suffered severe asthma attacks because he felt utterly unloved by his alcoholic mother, showed himself running after an elusive butterfly. On his picture he wrote: "Can't draw mother."

In a picture that the authors call typically oedipal, seven-year-old Tom drew himself as a powerful speedboat, dragging his naked mother behind him. Relegating his father and the dog to the reverse side of his picture, Tom saved "the whole front page for himself and his mother."

In another drawing, Billy, 14, revealed how he felt when his mother remarried. Her new husband had children of his own, and the family was polarized into two camps. Write Kaufman and Burns: "The boy must be aware of the sexual relationship between the stepfather and the mother, as the sword between the stepfather's legs is the largest weapon in the drawing." Billy, obviously jealous, drew himself throwing darts at his stepfather. The darts were very small and could do no harm; the boy must therefore have realized how powerless he was. That feeling of impotence, the authors say, may have accounted for Billy's "bad" behavior at home and at school.

"The ironing-board syndrome" is also

a familiar motif in kinetic family drawings. Kaufman and Burns think it may represent the heat of mother love, longed for but dangerous. In what some therapists will consider a farfetched interpretation, the authors attribute the X shape of the ironing board's legs—and other X shapes in the drawings—to the child's X-ing out or saying no to his sexual impulses.

Allan, an adolescent who was sometimes terrified of being at home, showed in his drawing that he feared both his mother and his seductive eleven-year-old sister. He drew himself eating from a lunch box marked X set on a table with X-shaped legs, and he drew his mother behind the X of an ironing board. Barely able to cope with his impulses, he showed his sister holding up a stop sign to keep him away and his brother pointing a gun at him. The father was apparently of no help to his troubled son. Allan pictured him racing away in a speedboat.

In Defense of Hatred

Love is not the only emotion that makes the world go round. So does hate, says Beverly Hills Psychoanalyst Ralph Greenson. Failure to teach children how to hate properly, he warns, is "a primary source of emotional disturbance and behavioral disruption." Without a touch of hate, in fact, no family can be happy.

A youngster knows that he is capable of hating, Greenson recently told a meeting of the National Association for Mental Health, so trying to hide the inevitability of hate from him is a mistake. Guilt and parental pressure may force him to bury his true feelings, but "hate in disguise is more dangerous than when it is open." A mother kicked in the shin by her four-year-old, for example, should not react with a hypocritical mixture of hidden venom and saccharine: "We don't kick people, do we? Say you are sorry, darling." Instead, she should vent her feelings honestly and shout at the child "or even swear him."

Many things in life are worth hating, Greenson notes, and hatred can be valuable in stimulating creative action. Simply experiencing hatred in a daydream may suffice to maintain mental health. Says Greenson: "A conscious death wish a day, without guilt, keeps the analyst away."

To Fra Mauro and Beyond

THE national mood has changed sharply since Neil Armstrong made the first human footprints on the lunar soil 18 months ago. Public concern has shifted from space to more pressing earthly problems. In addition, the Russians have dramatically demonstrated that unattended robots like Lunokhod 1—still alive and moving after eight weeks on the moon—may eventually achieve some of the goals of manned flight at a fraction of the cost and with none of the risks to life. Thus, as it prepares to launch Apollo 14 and Astronauts Alan Shepard, Stu Roosa and Edgar Mitchell on man's fourth mission to the moon, NASA is keenly aware that the future of the manned space program may well be riding on the outcome of that shot. A disaster—or a near disaster like Apollo 13's aborted mission last April—could provoke a noisy clamor for cancellation of the three remaining Apollo flights. Said one space-agency official: "If anything goes wrong this time, you'll really hear the hounds baying at the moon—literally."

Ancient Highlands. Apollo 14, scheduled to lift off on Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3:23 p.m. E.S.T., will head for the same hilly region near the crater Fra Mauro that was the target of its ill-fated predecessor. If all goes well, the Apollo 14 astronauts will become the first human visitors to the lunar highlands. There they may be able to recover rocks dating back to the birth of the moon, more than 4.5 billion years ago. The lunar landing maneuvers will differ in important details from the two previous successful manned lunar expeditions. For one thing, the command ship *Kitty Hawk* will descend to within 11.5 miles of the moon's surface before releasing the lunar module. Cutting down on the customary 67-mile altitude will conserve some of the lander's limited fuel reserves for the riskier touchdown on the rugged terrain.

As it swoops downward, the moon ship *Antares* (named for the brightest star in the constellation Scorpius) will travel at a slightly flatter trajectory than in the past, letting Astronauts Shepard

and Mitchell keep a steadier fix on their target. Although the landing will still be essentially under computer direction, Shepard will probably take over the vertical controls at an altitude of 300 ft. The actual touchdown, in a flat region between small features called Triple and Double craters, should take place at 4:16 a.m. E.S.T. Friday.

Shepard and Mitchell plan to spend 331 hours on the moon, including 9 hours or more in the lunar outdoors. Many of their activities should be visible back on earth. As Shepard climbs down from the lunar module, he will pull a cord to open up an exterior equipment bay, thereby switching on a color TV camera, which will later be carried around to record the astronauts' work. For insurance against an Apollo 12-type television breakdown, a black-and-white camera has been provided as a spare. Shepard, who will be recognizable by red arm and leg bands, plans to take his first steps on the moon at 9:05 a.m. E.S.T. Friday. Mitchell will join him a few minutes later, and both astronauts will set up the most complex network of scientific experiments ever deployed on the moon (see chart).

Rock Festival. This time the EVA (Extra-Vehicular Activity) will include some fireworks—real ones. Earlier lu-

The Grand Old Man of Space

NEARLY a decade ago, a slim, crew-cut Navy test pilot clambered into a tiny space capsule named *Freedom 7* and was hurled by a Redstone rocket into a high, arcing 302-mile flight over the Atlantic. For the U.S., that brief, 15-minute suborbital ride began the era of manned space flight. Next week, his lean body practically unchanged by the passage of years, the same pioneering astronaut will command NASA's fourth manned assault on the moon. At the age of 47, Captain Alan B. Shepard Jr. is the oldest American* ever to soar into space, the only one of the original Mercury astronauts still on flight status and clearly one of the comeback heroes of all time.

In 1963, after he had been selected to pilot one of the early Gemini flights, Shepard was dropped from space flight and barred even from flying except when accompanied by another pilot. Reason: he was plagued by Ménière's syndrome, a puzzling disturbance of the inner ear, possibly caused by a buildup of fluids, that produces vertigo, nausea and ringing noises. An able, no-nonsense administrator, Shepard was made chief of the Astronaut Office in Houston. But his longing for the launch pad remained. In 1968, on his own insistence, he underwent a complex ear operation (involving

implantation of a thin, one-inch-long drain tube). When his ear improved, Shepard reapplied for active status and spent countless hours in the gym and Apollo flight simulators. Finally, in August 1969, he was designated, along with Navy Commander Edgar D. Mitchell, 40, and Air Force Major Stuart A. Roosa, 37, for Apollo 14.



SHEPARD PRACTICING MOON WALK

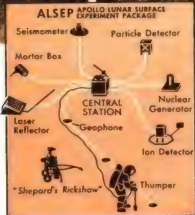
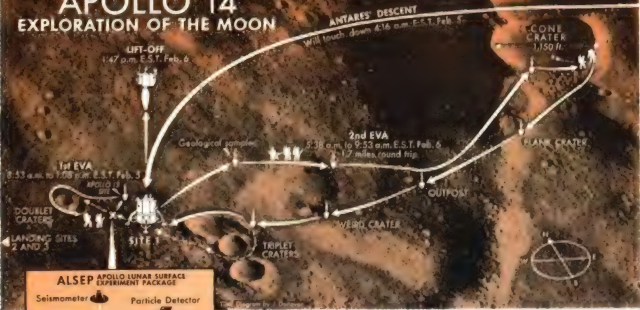
Why, in comfortable middle age, should Shepard have even attempted a comeback? His place in history is secure: his life in Texas seems light-years away from the moon. A self-made millionaire (banking, real estate and other shrewd investments), he lives with his handsome wife Louise and daughter (his other daughter is married) in a pillared \$150,000 house in the exclusive River Oaks section and hobnobs with Houston's social elite. He owns two cars (a Corvette and a Cadillac) and likes few things better than to water-ski in the wake of his 17-ft. power boat.

For all his reputation as a swinging Texas jet-setter, there is another dimension to Shepard, a dedication to flying that became apparent even before he finished Navy flight school. Impatient with service caution, he got himself a private pilot's license from civilian instructors before he won his Navy wings. Says Shepard: "I would fly anything that I could fit into."

Shepard should fit very well into Apollo 14's command seat. His ear now seems in excellent shape. "I still have a muted ringing in it, like a dog whistle," he says. "But I hardly notice it." He has also apparently mastered, in spite of initial difficulties, the split-second control techniques of the tricky lunar lander. Indeed, his confidence should help bolster all of NASA at a critical moment in its history. "I suppose," muses Shepard, "if we don't make it back to earth, somebody will say the poor son of a bitch wasn't ready. But I am ready."

* When he flew Soyuz 3 in 1968, Russian Cosmonaut Georgy Beregovoy, also 47, was 312 months older than Shepard.

APOLLO 14 EXPLORATION OF THE MOON



nar seismic experiments have been largely passive; that is, the seismometers have usually depended on the occurrence of moonquakes or other natural rumblings to make readings. Now, with the help of a new gadget called a "thumper," which resembles a heavily weighted walking stick, Mitchell will create some miniature moonquakes of his own. As he walks past three widely spaced seismic listening devices called geophones, he will place the thumper on the surface and detonate one of 21 explosive charges in its base plate.

Later Mitchell will deploy a more powerful explosive device: a mortar containing four rocket grenades that will be fired after Apollo 14 returns home. Together with the shock waves that will be generated in the moon when *Antares'* abandoned ascent stage and Apollo 14's discarded S-4B rocket hit the lunar surface, tremors from the explosives should give seismologists many more clues to the structure and composition of the moon.

On Saturday, at an unmercifully early hour for most Americans (5:50 a.m. E.S.T.), Shepard and Mitchell are sched-

uled to emerge for their second EVA and load up their new collapsible two-wheeled lunar handcart with cameras, hand tools, shovel and sampling cores. Then they will begin their major geological traverse: a rock-collecting hike up the side of 400-ft.-high Cone Crater, nearly a mile away. Although the two lunar mountaineers will not descend into the crater itself, they will conduct a kind of rock festival on its rim: they will chip stone from large boulders and roll some smaller boulders down the crater's side (the tracks will give earthbound scientists an indication of the mechanical characteristics of lunar soil). At the end of three hours, if all has gone well, the astronauts will be allowed to take a roundabout route home, including further sampling stops at nearby Weird Crater, which was named for its unusual shape, possibly the result of three or more overlapping meteorite impacts.

Zero Gravity. As he circles above in the command ship, *Reosa* will also have his hands full with scientific chores—taking closeup photos of the moon, aiming his cameras at more distant astronomical targets, including interstellar dust clouds, and bouncing radar beams off the lunar surface to further determine its characteristics. On their voyage home, the astronauts will subject a number of terrestrial substances to the effects of zero gravity, including organic chemicals that are used in making vaccines. Such tests, scientists hope, may eventually lead to the production of vaccines in earth-orbiting labs; weightless conditions should facilitate the chemical separation processes that are essential for manufacturing vaccines.

To prevent a recurrence of Apollo

13's troubles, NASA has drastically altered the design of Apollo's oxygen tanks, incorporating such safety features as stainless-steel-sheathed electrical wiring, heat regulators controlled by the astronauts, and external cutoff switches. In addition, NASA has added a third oxygen tank, a long-lived storage battery and extra water supplies as reserves for the command ship. Even Mission Control will profit from the \$15 million safety overhaul. If any of Apollo 14's critical systems go awry, as did the defective oxygen tank in Apollo 13, loud beeping alarms will sound on the monitoring consoles in Houston as well as on the spacecraft's instrument panel.

The tightening up is also affecting the lives of the astronauts on earth. Ever since T-minus-21, or three weeks before lift-off, Shepard and his two crewmates have been kept in relative isolation at Cape Kennedy. Only people absolutely essential to their mission have been allowed to come in contact with them (only exception: their wives). Others, such as NASA scientists, must brief them from behind glass partitions in their sealed-off crew quarters. With the quarantine, NASA hopes to avert another Apollo 13-type measles crisis, which nearly caused a last-minute cancellation of the mission after one of the back-up astronauts contracted the disease on a preflight visit to Houston and exposed the prime crew.

Apollo 14 is scheduled to splash down in the Pacific south of American Samoa nine days after its lift-off. If its mission is successful, NASA hopes it will rekindle dwindling interest in manned lunar exploration. Space officials feel that if it is a failure, it may well be the last such moon mission of the decade.

MODERN LIVING

Hot Pants: Legs Are Back

A young woman arrives at a party. She is thoroughly swaddled in a full-length coat, high boots, fur hat and long gloves. Still, she is shivering. She stomps her feet to shake off the snow and removes her coat. Now the other guests begin to shiver. No wonder: on this bitter midwinter night, the woman is wearing shorts.

Shorts? Absolutely. And not just the ordinary old ho-hum sportswear type, but a brand-new outrageous variety, cut higher, tighter and altogether skimpier than anything Ruby Keeler ever kicked in (*see THE THEATER*). No longer fashioned of sturdy standards like denim and broadcloth, the current crop is made of flashier stuff—mink and monkey fur, silk and satin, calfskin, chiffon and cut velvet. The accepted generic term, hot pants, lends the style the leering inference of an adolescent joke. But short shorts are no joke; they are serious business, and women in major European and U.S. cities are currently risking their fashion reputations—and severe frostbite—to wear them.

Show Stopper. Manhattan Boutique Owner Jimmi York credits the craze to anti-midi, pro-leg passion. "The way women are buying and men are reacting," she explains, "it would seem legs have been out of sight for ten years, not ten months." Furrier Jacques Kaplan favors mink and broadtail shorts, priced up to \$200, which are perfectly at home in his zebra-walled living room (*see color picture*). Says Kaplan: "They are the quickest way to fight the long length." Buyers couldn't agree more. In Paris, minishorts are an every-night, run-of-the-disco affair. They are particularly suited for dancing, according to one wearer last week, because "you don't have to remember to keep your knees together." Adds a model in London, where

the style is going strong: "You can sit how you like and walk upstairs without everyone going 'Wow!'" Rome's current fashion collections starred shorts, with Valentino's all-sequestered contribution the shows' stopper.

Los Angeles' Yves St. Laurent boutique is selling out every shipment that arrives: the favorite is a slightly flared, black velvet model (\$60), with satin and crepe versions (\$50) coming up fast. Actress Ursula Andress dines out in her bronze velvet shorts, and Raquel Welch had a special pair in white matte jersey run up for her to take on location in Spain. Staider ladies are rushing L.A.'s May Co. department store for their dotted-swiss knit mini over shorts (\$26) or settling for Magnin's shorts-and-sweater outfit (\$30).

Great Bodies. In spite of a record cold spell, Manhattan stores and boutiques can barely match supply to demand. Designers like Halston, Adolfo, Sant'Angelo and Betsey Johnson are grinding them out for customers from Jackie Onassis, who stocked up on Halston's shorties for yacht wear, to career girls like Celine's Fabric Coordinator Jacquie Nelson, whose bosses last week granted her permission to wear her knit shorts to work. Bloomingdale's department store ran a hot-pants advertisement this month, only to discover that the resulting zoom in sales was partly due to a cross-town rush by Seventh Avenue manufacturers intent on snapping up a pattern, the better to start their own lines.

Hot pants, of course, are not for everybody. Even Designer Rudi Gernreich, who likes the look, admits that "it is great, but only for great bodies." London's *Daily Mirror* is more explicit: "Shorts should sell," it warned last week, "only to those fashion enthusiasts under, say, 25, and under 36-inch—we hope—hips. The rest—and that's the most—should regard them with the kind of distaste reserved for the measles."



ELSA MARTINELLI



MRS. ROBERT STACK



MARLO THOMAS

FOR GAAGERS



FOR YOUNG MOTHERS



FOR THE BRIDE





PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC ROSE



Raggy chamois shorts (above), called "Jane Pants," by Designer Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, swing along with a jagged bra top; Casa Cuero version (right) is red and black snake-skin, with matching battlejacket.



Holston shorts match vest and cape.

Broadtail, mink and satin shorts.

Shrink top and even shrinkier shorts.



Measuring Tapes

The Tower of Babel is another story high, thanks to the fledgling audio cassette industry. No longer content to simply reel out taped renditions of a Rolling Stones goldie or a Bing Crosby oldie, the new versions of the handy cassettes are sounding out on everything from money management to marriage counseling, evangelical sermons to menopausal symptoms.

Travelers to London, Paris and Rome, for example, can now lock in (with \$2.95) on a current Pan American promotional gimmick: tape-recorded walking tours of the cities (each narrated by a properly accented guide), as well as taped auto tours of the French and English countryside. The tourist willing to lug a cassette player around Europe can wander the highways and byways for hours, all the while picking up inside dope like Montparnasse was a refuge for struggling artists like Ernest Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald in the years following World War I.

For the Lonely. Other, more anatomical information, is available in the three-cassette offering called "Human Sexuality," produced by Creative Cassettes Corp. (\$19.98 the set). Five doctors deliver a more-than-four-hour symposium on topics such as sexual intercourse, masturbation, aphrodisiacs, frigidity and homosexuality. "Masturbation," one oracle advises, "is harmful only if you think it's harmful. Physically, it's not harmful. It's just lonely."

For those interested in making it in the more traditional sense, the Success Motivation Institute of Waco, Texas (dedicated to "motivating people to their full potential") offers cassette lectures on the dynamics of supervision, sales training and becoming financially independent. There is also a three-part family program, covering such topics as "Handling Frustration and Conflict," "What It Means to Become a Woman" and "Keep Your Eye On Your Attitudes." Among SMI's customers are several members of the Kansas City Chiefs—after winning the 1970 Super Bowl, the Chiefs failed to make the playoffs in the season just ended. Instructional Dynamics in Chicago has a four-part "Mental Health Info-Pak" (\$6.95 each) which offers hints on "making marriage work" and "constructive aggression."

A Talking Book. The more culturally oriented can find cassette recordings almost everywhere of actors and poets such as Richard Burton and Dylan Thomas reading famous plays and poems, but the French have gone a soupçon further. Issued in Paris this fall is France's first "talking book," a cassette volume of 22 works of the Mexican poet Octavio Paz (in Spanish, with a French translation included). Also included are elaborately illustrated pages of handmade paper, on which the verses themselves are printed. Only 301 copies were produced; each retails for \$300.

Car owners and would-be mechanics, not to mention drivers suffering from the high cost of auto repairs, may find solace in the automotive Tune-Up-Tape by Coursette System Inc. Equipped with the tape, the company claims, "someone who has never even changed a tire can now successfully tune his car the first time he tries." The package includes an engine diagram, tool and parts list, service sticker and window decal ("Owner-Tuned"), all for \$9.95, considerably less than a similar job at the local garage.

General Cassette Corporation in Phoenix makes custom tapes: voices, sound crews and scripts, if necessary, all provided by the company. They have already produced, among others, a series of special exercises for golfers, beauty hints for teen-age girls, Bible stories for children, and Walter



LISTENING TO CASSETTE UNDER DRYER

For others, instant sleep.

Cronkite describing points of interest at national parks and historic and military shrines. For the nervous city dweller, Leisure Data Inc. of Manhattan offers 20 minutes of the barks and snarls of an extremely annoyed German shepherd. The tape is designed to be turned on when a potential intruder nears. Time-Life Audio is preparing a new monthly "cassette magazine" called The Executive Voice, containing interviews with top business leaders, which will be available to subscribers for \$80 a year.

Still in the works is a series of go-to-sleep cassettes, to be produced by New York Psychiatrist Abraham Weinberg. For confirmed insomniacs, these lullaby cassettes may come in handy. For others, instant sleep is all but guaranteed, simply by turning on the first of those lectures on a walking tour of Paris.



Skip the vermouth.
This week's
perfect martini secret.

Just put the gin on the rocks.
The perfect martini gin, of course.

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The perfect martini gin.

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Coming Through.



THE LAW

Tough New Man at Justice

To many people, the very idea that antiwar priests and nuns ever plotted to kidnap Presidential Advisor Henry Kissinger still seems utterly improbable. But one thing is certain: the indictments naming six defendants and seven co-conspirators, including Fathers Philip and Daniel Berrigan, were backed by a man who is convinced that he has a solid case. The cool tactician behind the move was Assistant Attorney General Robert Charles Mardian, 47, an outspoken conservative Republican who heads the Justice Department's Internal Security Division. Mardian is going all out for a guilty verdict.

In little more than two months on the job, Mardian's presence has rejuvenated the long moribund division that faded from public view after its heyday hunting Communists during the McCarthy era. With an expanded staff of 49 lawyers, Mardian will prosecute draft resisters and continue to investigate groups ranging from the Weathermen to the Jewish Defense League. According to his close friend, Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, Mardian is "a prodigious worker, brilliant lawyer and great believer in America. He knows what freedom ain't."

Political Persecution. Mardian's attitudes are deeply rooted. His father, Samuel, because of his ardent Armenian nationalism, spent four years in a Turkish dungeon. Once he was granted political asylum in the U.S., Samuel started a construction business in Pasadena. Three sons, Aaron, Dan and Samuel, eventually moved to Phoenix, where the construction firm prospered, and they became close friends and supporters of Barry Goldwater.

Young Robert Mardian stayed in California, studied political science at Santa Barbara State College, joined the Navy shortly after Pearl Harbor, and spent two years as an ensign on a sub chaser in the Aleutians. In 1949, he graduated from the University of Southern California Law School, where he compiled the highest first-year grade average in the school's history to that time.

While becoming a respected corporation lawyer in Pasadena, Mardian entered local politics as a member of the city's school board. In 1960, he met his chief political benefactor, Richard Kleindienst, who engineered Mardian's appointment as Barry Goldwater's Western field representative in 1964 and his similar job for Richard Nixon in 1968. Finally, Kleindienst, with Attorney General John Mitchell, got Mardian appointed general counsel under Secretary Robert Finch in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Payoff Strategy. At HEW, Mardian earned a reputation as the conservative heavy in a cast of liberal attorneys intent on enforcing the spirit as well as



ROBERT MARDIAN
Going for guilty.

the letter of federal civil rights laws. One former HEW lawyer says that Mardian "consistently tried to scuttle school desegregation guidelines." Defending his go-slow position, Mardian candidly explained, "Look, you might as well recognize that you're in politics." He told his colleagues: "There are two kinds of people in the world—winners and losers. I knew a loser once and he was a queer." ("That's a joke," he added.) On another occasion he told newsmen in a background briefing that he did not mind if there were Ku Klux Klansmen on the Mississippi desegregation advisory committee. Asked by a reporter if he could print that remark, Mardian nodded: "Yes—if you print that we've got N.A.A.C.P. officials on the committee as well. We need to get people together who don't talk to each other."

Mardian helped draft the Nixon Administration's famous 1969 memo that effectively relaxed desegregation dead-

lines in Southern states. He is convinced that his Southern strategy avoided violence and white flight to the suburbs. The payoff, he argues, is that 92% of the region's black pupils are in desegregated school systems, compared with 6% two years before.

Mardian's political views place him a few paces to the right of John Mitchell, but the boss joins others in regarding Mardian as a first-rate lawyer and tireless prosecutor. Because Mitchell has shifted dozens of key cases to the revived Internal Security Division, Mardian is already considered the Justice Department's No. 3 man behind Mitchell and Kleindienst. One former colleague sums up: "He's remarkable for the clarity with which he thinks, but he's an absolutely cold-blooded political operator."

Communes Go to Court

Q. When is a family not a family?
A. When it is a commune.

So U.S. District Court Judge Albert Wollenberg seems to think. Last year 14 young people, living together as two "voluntary" families, brought suit in Wollenberg's court to stop Palo Alto, Calif., authorities from "harassing" them with local zoning laws. Those laws specify that in two particular areas of the town, no home may be occupied by more than four people not in the same family. The two groups argued that since they considered themselves families, they were protected by an "emanation" of the constitutional right to freedom of association. They also claimed that distinguishing between them and more traditional families violated the 14th Amendment's equal-protection and due process clauses.

In his decision, Judge Wollenberg did not accept their "emanation," though he was not immune to their vibrations. As he saw it, "There is a long-recognized value in the traditional family relationship which does not attach to the 'voluntary family.'" Reinforced by



PALO ALTO "FAMILY" CHOW LINE
The emanation was unacceptable.

biological and legal ties, the family "plays a role in educating and nourishing the young; it has been a means, for uncounted millennia, of satisfying the deepest emotional and physical needs of human beings." The judge was impressed by the sincerity of the families' members, but he found that "communal living groups are voluntary, with fluctuating memberships who have no legal obligations of support or cohabitation."

Fascinating Questions. Communes, the judge concluded, "are legally indistinguishable from such traditional living groups as religious communities and residence clubs. The right to form such groups may be constitutionally protected, but the right to insist that these groups live under the same roof in any part of the city they choose is not."

Given the spread of new experiments in family styles, the decision suggests that other judges may soon face some fascinating questions. Are adult commune members entitled, for example, to file joint tax returns, to military dependents' allowances and Social Security survivor benefits? In light of the Palo Alto decision, the answer is that the family that only stays together will not have a prayer in court. But there may be a way for communes to get around single-family zoning and other legal problems. One or two members of a commune might try to adopt the rest—at least on paper—and then all of them could stay put as a regular family in full compliance with the law.

Harbinger for Hoffman?

The Supreme Court generally gives trial judges wide latitude in running their courtrooms—even to permitting the shackling, gagging or removal of obstreperous defendants. But last week the Justices unanimously curbed a judge's power to hand out contempt sentences for courtroom misbehavior. Using carefully unceremonious language, the court held that a judge may cite a defendant at the moment of his contemptuous action, but that if the judge chooses to wait until the end of the trial, "it is generally wise where the marks of the unseemly conduct have left personal stings to ask a fellow judge to take his place." The decision reversed an eleven-to-22-year contempt sentence imposed by Pittsburgh Judge Albert Fink on a defendant who had called him a "dirty son of a bitch" and a "dirty tyrannical old dog." It also seemed to apply squarely to last year's trial of the Chicago Seven. In that raucous proceeding, Judge Julius Hoffman waited until after the jury began deliberations, then declared the defendants and their lawyers in contempt and imposed sentences of as much as four years and 13 days. Under last week's ruling, it seems quite possible that those contempt sentences will now be reversed and that another judge will have the Seven back in court to consider whether they were in contempt and, if so, what the penalties should be.

The Rhythm Lobby

When Pope Paul VI confirmed the ban on use of the Pill and all other "artificial" birth control methods in his 1968 encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, a number of national bishops' conferences softened the blow. They viewed the encyclical as an ideal to be encouraged rather than an absolute restriction to enforce in all cases. And many government and private agencies went ahead with campaigns to limit population. But Pope Paul is not so easily contradicted. Now, acting through his Secretary of State, Jean Cardinal Villot, 65, he has begun



CARDINAL VILLOT

Transistor radios are an incentive.

a quiet counterattack, attempting to marshal Catholic forces against all official programs, national or international, that propagate artificial contraception.

The cardinal's 15-page confidential document, *TIME* Correspondent Norton Wynn learned in Rome, was dated Nov. 14 and sent to all papal nuncios and apostolic delegates and to the Vatican's permanent observers at the United Nations and its agencies. In it, Villot stresses the secrecy of the new lobbying effort because "the demographic problem has its very delicate aspects." He notes pointedly that after entering the controversial field "under the Kennedy presidency," the U.S. is now "at the head of the line among promoters of an international policy of birth control." He also is sharply critical of the U.N. for supporting population-control programs in the Third World.

There has been a marked increase in such activities in recent years. Before 1960 India and Pakistan were the only two "high-fertility" countries with official government policies aimed at reducing population growth. Today, 30 developing nations have state-supported programs. Villot points out that in 1967 Secretary-General U. Thant established the Fund for Population Activities to provide financial and technical assistance. Worse, he writes, the U.N.'s children's fund (UNICEF) is now committed to distribute contraceptives: "It therefore puts itself in contradiction to the very objectives of the institution created for the well-being of children."

The cardinal does not deny that a population problem exists, but nonetheless attacks the "vehement of the anti-birth movement." Birth control partisans, he complains, display a "quasi-messianic conviction"; their campaigns employ "methods of propaganda and of subtle and varied pressure" that in effect deny complex real freedom of choice. Among the pressures, charges Villot, are material incentives; in some areas, couples are awarded gifts like transistor radios if they cooperate.

What finally appalls Villot is the cost of it all. Though the cardinal does not mention a figure, one estimate projects that as much as \$10 billion would be needed in the next decade to make birth control easily accessible to the entire Third World population. Laments Villot: "It is troubling to see funds channeled into family planning campaigns more easily than into other enterprises; for example, certain projects for fertilization of desert zones."

Christian Convictions. How should the church fight back? Governments must be persuaded to take positions "in favor of Catholic morality." Papal diplomats, the letter directs, should press bishops in each country to build up relations with local representatives of international organizations. The representatives, as Villot sees it, are key men: they influence the secretariats to which they report, and they often have a say in the selection of delegates to international conferences. "Good relations," argues Villot, "will facilitate the choice of men who possess Christian convictions." Predominantly Catholic countries should be pressured further—to give their delegates "unequivocal instructions, and if necessary suggest that those delegates make contact with representatives of the Holy See."

Villot does not counsel simple obstructionism, however. National episcopates should know the "demographic situation in their countries," Papal representatives should offer "positive and morally acceptable proposals." So far, the proposals are limited to combatting poverty and hunger, cooperating in "prudent sexual education" and popularizing the rhythm method of birth control.

VEGA. IT DOESN'T STAND ALONE.

One big difference between Chevy's new little car and other new little cars is that Chevy's new little car is actually two new little cars.

Also a new little wagon.

Also a new little truck.

What that means is, if you don't happen to be the 2-door sedan type, you can still find happiness in a Vega.

For example, you could go with our hatchback coupe, the sporty little blue job in the picture below. Sporty, but also very handy. The whole back end opens up and the back seat folds down so you can use about half the car for cargo if the occasion ever arises. And it probably will.

Then there's the Vega Kammback

wagon. It has a personality all its own. It also has: bucket seats, a fully carpeted interior, our peppy overhead cam engine, front disc brakes, 3-on-the-floor, power ventilation, all standard.

The Vega panel truck has one seat and 68.7 cubic feet of loadspace inside of it. Which is quite a lot of loadspace for a truck that's only about 14 feet long.

Once you've looked around at other little cars, we think you'll find it's no problem choosing between a Vega and something else.

What's tough is choosing between a Vega and a Vega.

And a Vega.

And a Vega.

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The high cost of being a hemophiliac.

Say you make \$22,000 a year. Enough, you'd think, to take care of your son who's a hemophiliac.

You know there's something you can give him to control his bleeding. Something called a clotting factor.

A daily injection of this clotting factor is all it would take for your son to live—and bleed—like a normal person.

It's almost more than you dared to hope for. It's as simple as a diabetic giving himself insulin.

The only trouble is, it would cost you the \$22,000 a year you make to give it to your son.

What do you do?

What do the parents of other hemophiliacs do?

How many people even make \$22,000 a year to begin with?

We're in a terrible position. After twenty years of research, we've finally got the control for hemophilia.

But what good is having the control for a disease if you can't get it to all the people who need it?

What we have to do now is find a way to produce the clotting factor so every hemophiliac can afford it.

So far, we can only get it to a few people.


A hundred-thousand other hemophiliacs are just waiting.

We need your money to get it to them.

We're so close, yet so far.

National Hemophilia Foundation

25 West 39th Street, New York, New York 10018

A black and white photograph of a man in a light-colored jacket fishing from a boat. He has a cigarette in his mouth and is holding a fishing rod. The background shows a body of water and some reeds or grass. The overall tone is serene and independent.

**"To me, flavor is what smoking
is all about. And I'm not
about to change my mind.
I'm an Old Gold Filters man."**



Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.



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shrinks a calculator.

EDUCATION

Learn Now, Pay Later

Instead of bemoaning college costs, many a U.S. student may soon calmly tell the bursar's office, "I'd like to charge that for the next 30 years." The clerk may answer, "Sign here—but skip the total. How much you pay will depend on how rich you become."

Already adorned with a suitable acronym, PAYE (Pay As You Earn) is an intriguing scheme for putting a college education in roughly the same class as a house mortgage. Yale and consortiums of medical and business schools are trying to set up small pilot versions of the idea. To convince banks to provide capital, the planners are asking foundations like Ford and Sloan to help guarantee any unforeseen losses. The result has stirred widespread controversy. The major issue is who should pay for the benefits of education—society or the students themselves.

Repaying by Tithe. One widely discussed version of the plan would first be offered to graduate students, who are better financial risks because their future incomes are easier to predict than those of undergraduates. Whether a student's family were rich or poor, he could borrow up to \$10,000, repaying each \$1,000 at the modified tithe of .45% of his adjusted gross income. After 30 years, he would stop paying, whether or not his loan had been fully retired.

One major advantage, says Princeton Provost William Bowen, would be that "the student who enters a relatively low-paying field would not be saddled with a huge debt." If a graduate student borrowed \$2,000 and later earned \$10,000 a year, he would repay only \$90 annually. In that case, PAYE would recover \$2,700 after 30 years, not enough to repay his debt and its interest completely. PAYE would be in the hole.

Who would make up the difference? Prosperous graduates, who would pay more out of their higher incomes and thus subsidize the others. If a \$20,000-a-year man had borrowed \$2,000, for instance, he would repay \$180 annually, or a total of \$5,400 over the 30-year period. Those expecting to become affluent would have an incentive to join the plan at the beginning of their education as insurance against financial problems later. If they had enough money at mid-career, they could "buy out" their obligation for twice what they had borrowed, plus accrued interest.

Negative Downy? Wives who did not work would bring their husbands a "negative downy" of unpaid obligations, but under one version of the plan, their repayments would be limited and only taken out of the first \$10,000 of the family's annual income. The hypothetical payback rate of .45% is adjusted to anticipate a standard death rate: if a participant died, his estate would not be

liable for his payments. PAYE statisticians calculate that each year's group of students would keep the plan in the red for their first 13 years out of college. After that, their incomes—and repayments—would begin rising toward a high enough level to make the plan break even 30 years from its start.

PAYE's most energetic champions are Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. and M.I.T. Physicist Jerrold Zacharias, a fiery curriculum reformer. They and their supporters originally hoped that the scheme would help colleges to ease their financial squeeze by raising tuition. In turn, PAYE would help students raise the cash.

That hope for a campus cornucopia is still far off. Unless a PAYE system became nationwide, private colleges that raised tuitions much higher would run the risk of driving good students to low-tuition public institutions. Still, even a limited plan could allow both private and public colleges to spend less of their scarce funds on scholarships. Like all loan programs, PAYE would help a student to afford any institution willing to take him, encouraging free choice. Another possible result: the prospect of lifetime payments might turn some activists into more dedicated students.

Usury Laws. Skeptics raise countless questions. Would payments conflict with state laws against usury, for example? Could a student beat the system by declaring himself bankrupt? Would his debts make him a bad credit risk later on? Most important, public campuses fear that any big increase in student loans might weaken low-tuition public higher education. Although one impetus behind the plan is the recent slowdown in the growth of state and federal payments for higher education, opponents suggest that PAYE could have the ironic effect of encouraging legislatures to cut still further. Already some black educators say that PAYE in effect tells poor people: "The public paid for everyone else's education, but now you'll have to pay for yours yourselves." If the PAYE plan gains momentum, the debate could be as stormy and protracted as the one over federal aid to education during the 1950s.

Student Counsel

A fascinating trend on U.S. campuses this year is the emergence of hired professionals to defend students' interests. At six of the University of California's nine campuses, for instance, student governments are spending \$12,000 for a lobbyist to represent them for six months at the state capital in Sacramento. Boston University students have retained a local attorney; federal poverty lawyers help University of Michigan students. But what if the lawyers clash with the administrators?

That question is being tested at the University of Texas, where the student

association last summer hired the nation's first full-time lawyer for students. During his first six months, Jim Boyle, 26, a Texas law-school graduate, earned his modest pay (\$12,500 a year) by helping more than 300 students who complained of gouging by off-campus merchants and landlords. Then two months ago, Boyle went to bat for the Gay Liberation Front, which had been denied recognition as a campus club.

Stopped Check. Boyle did not personally favor the group's aims or its demand for campus meeting rooms. But he was convinced that the university had barred the club arbitrarily, denying the homosexuals' due-process right to be heard. He won them an open hearing before a student-faculty review committee. An assistant dean testified that he had rejected the club because of objections by campus doctors. Boyle's



LAWYER BOYLE WITH STUDENT CLIENT
No due process for homosexuals?

cross-examination showed that the dean had not sought medical opinion until five months after his decision. Result: the committee voted 7-2 to overturn his ruling.

Next day, the administration overruled the committee. The Texas regents tried to bar Boyle from representing groups against the university. In turn, the lawyer argued that the regents had violated state laws by adopting a new rule without adequate notice. If the regents sustain the ban at their meeting this week, Boyle's supporters threaten to sue them in federal court for violating the students' right to counsel.

The regents' strong-willed chairman, Frank Erwin (TIME, Aug. 10), has already struck back. Two weeks ago, he decided that Boyle is a state employee because the university collects the student funds that pay him. Erwin stopped the lawyer's paycheck. As Erwin sees it, "We can't have state money used to implement university policy and other state money used to fight it."

ART

View from the Coast

The "Los Angeles look" has been visible in American art for years now. It is both unmistakable and hard to define. Developed by a generation of Southern Californian artists who became nationally known in the early and middle '60s, it is cool, elaborately finished and somewhat hermetic: craftsmanship pursued as a form of meditation.

At one end of the spectrum, the Los Angeles look can be seen in Billy Al Bengston's "dentos"—crumpled aluminum sheets with depths of shimmering,

luxe, calme et volupté is simplified into prettiness and expensive-lookingness."

This is Eastern chauvinist rhetoric. But such attacks do, at least, indicate one crucial difference between the art scenes on the West and East coasts. New York has an efficient phalanx of museums and publications to sustain the discourse between new art and its audience. Southern California has not. Its museums, declares Los Angeles critic John Coplans, "are basically social clubs with a strong materialistic background of acquisitions for local trustees. You can't walk into any museum

Angeles artists who rely on an even, machine-like finish. Moses' work is nuanced: hints of abstract expressionism are never far away. *Byrn Verde* is a sheet of canvas sewed and patched with delicate arabesques of thread and cross-hatched with fine bleeding lines, then immersed in honey-colored resin and left to dry. The final image is almost Oriental in its airiness and apparent spontaneity.

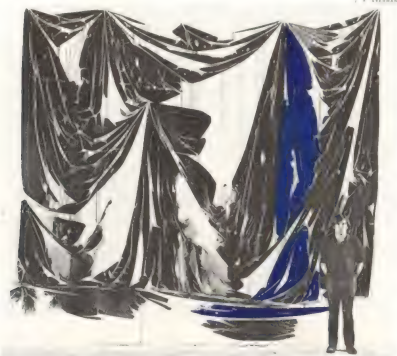
LADDIE JOHN DILL, 27, graduated from the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles in 1968, and shares a beachside studio in Venice with his sculptor brother Guy. He began as a painter, but found that "paint wasn't doing anything for me—spatially or any other way. I wanted to three-dimensionalize it." The method he found involves making "sites" of beach sand, combined with sheet glass and neon tubing. Like bamboo, the thin tubes are divided into segments, each of which is coated with a differently glowing color. Sometimes they are buried in sand and release their light mysteriously along the edges of the glass panes; in other pieces, they lie on the surface of the sand, spilling their unnatural polychrome radiance across its furrows and ridges so that the image hovers between landscape and abstraction.

DAVID DEUTSCH, 27, strives "to make sculpture without using material—to get to painting through sculpture." In his mural-size images, swags of polyethylene sheeting are stapled to the wall. Then Deutsch injects dye between the sheets and the wall with a large hypodermic syringe. The color runs down, staining the wall surface with the pattern of the sheets' folds like a gigantic fingerprint. Since the wall cannot be shifted, there is no feasible way of transporting Deutsch's work. It falls into the area of a one-shot performance, but an indelible one. It is a circumstance he enjoys. "I like the idea that I can't be sold, bought or dealt with so easily."

Perhaps the most idiosyncratic of the younger Los Angeles artists is Scott Grieger, 24, whose activities run to a kind of meditative criticism of other artists' work. In 1970 he published a book, *Impersonations*, which consisted of photographs of himself mimicking the "look" of other artists. The photo entitled *Rauschenberg* shows Grieger on all fours with a car tire round his waist, in imitation of Rauschenberg's stuffed angora goat. His present *Combinations*, which the Los Angeles County Museum is exhibiting through Feb. 16, are just that: hybrids of style. The rhomboidal canvas of a 1965 Stella, for instance, is married to the orange field and stripes of a Barnett Newman.

In a sense, Grieger's concerns are emblematic of the situation of Los Angeles' young artists. They are still largely dependent on the New York market for cash and *cachet*, but their view of New York style is tinged with irony. Even their elegance becomes a denial of provincialism—and an assertion of independence.

■ Robert Hughes



DAVID DEUTSCH WITH MURAL
From the syringe, a fingerprint.

candied and gaseous sprayed color trapped under layers of glossy acrylic. At the other, it is apparent in the prismatic bloom of Larry Bell's immaculate glass boxes, and in Robert Irwin's pale disks floating into immateriality above their own cast shadows. The "look" is always playing games with media (where but in L.A. would an artist do drawings in caviar and gunpowder, as Ed Ruscha did?) and it stops just this side of fetishism and overrefinement.

The L.A. look may refer to the West Coast folk culture of hot-rod and chopper, or to aerospace technology: it has little to do with the "mainstream" of art as defined in New York, and some critics find this hard to forgive. "It is apparently as easy," snorted one writer in *Artforum* recently, "to rack up in Los Angeles as an artist as it is to be a stringer of beads. In California, the idea of

in L.A. for most of the year and see a permanent installation of vital work that's being done here." Adds one artist realistically: "We are not maintained here."

Changing Stereotype. The fact remains that no American city outside New York has produced such a remarkable number of vital talents as Los Angeles. The minimal cool and delicacy of much Los Angeles work can be seen as partly a retreat from the incredibly blatant environment in which it is made. But the stereotype of L.A. style (shiny plastic and jewel finish) is by no means as rigid as it looks from New York. The scene is very diverse. Among its more gifted members:

ED MOSES, 43, was born at Long Beach, Calif., and ran through a number of careers before turning to art—spray painter, riveter, lifeguard. Unlike many Los



Painter Ed Moses poses before his resin "tapestry," *Byrn Verde*.



Sculptor Scott Grieger with his *Combination*



Constructionist Loddie John Dill is reflected in his sand and glass piece.



America's favorite cigarette break.

Benson & Hedges 100's Regular or Menthol

ENVIRONMENT

Gold in Garbage

Each day the average American tosses out more than 51 lbs. of solid waste. Garbage is piling up so fast that cities like Philadelphia and San Francisco may run out of landfill dumps by the end of this year. The obvious answer is to re-use all kinds of materials that are now being junked. But so far, the U.S. lacks enough incentives to make "recycling" economically attractive. Americans have become so prosperous that old ideas like deposit bottles no longer work. Who besides tiny children wants to lug empties back to the store just to collect a few cents?

Fortunately, a new technology of profitable recycling may soon emerge. In Delaware's New Castle County, for example, a company called Hercules, Inc. has plans for a remarkable plant that would gobble up anything from beer cans to tires, shred the stuff into small chunks, separate the different materials, and disgorge salable granules of glass, steel, aluminum and shredded paper. Organic wastes would be turned into a rich compost. Useless refuse would be incinerated, or "pyrolyzed"—burned in virtually airless furnaces. The state of Delaware has put up \$1,000,000 of the plant's \$10 million building cost. If the Federal Government agrees to share the rest, by next year the plant could handle 570 tons of refuse a day while turning out 262 tons of re-usable materials.

Edible Paper. In Manhattan this week, officials of the Aluminum Association and The Rust Engineering Co. announced plans for a \$15.8 million recycling plant near Washington. The plan has been submitted for consideration to the nonprofit National Center for Solid Waste Disposal, Inc., which evaluates and promotes waste-disposal techniques presented by various industries. If such industries are willing to share the cost, the plant will serve as a "national laboratory" where municipalities and private contractors can shop for ideas.

The Aluminum Association is convinced that the Washington plant could turn 130,000 tons of refuse a year into 52,000 tons of raw materials worth \$833,000 on the open market. Among them: glass to help surface highways and pelletized paper to be used as a blend for fertilizer, insulation products and additives in pet foods. The plant's incinerators would also generate steam for sale to utilities. If a city of 200,000 built such a plant, says the association, the net cost would be \$286,000 a year, compared with \$910,000 for handling the same amount of refuse by present disposal methods.

Returnable Cars. At least 100 municipalities, universities and industries are working on the solid-waste problem. Max Spendlove, research director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines' Metallurgy Research Center at College Park, Md.,

is reclaiming glass and metals from residue scooped from incinerators. At a cost of \$3.52 a ton, he says, his methods yield materials with a potential market value of \$12 a ton.

Last week New York City's environmental protection administrator, Jerome Kretschmer, suggested a way to recycle the 73,000 cars that New Yorkers abandon on the streets each year. He urged the state to enact a law making auto buyers give the state a \$100 deposit for new cars, auto owners \$50 for their present car. Once the cars were junked "in an environmentally acceptable manner," the money would be refunded—the old returnable-bottle scheme, but this time with a deposit worth collecting.

End of the Barge Canal

President Nixon surprised and delighted conservationists last week by halting construction of the controversial Cross-Florida Barge Canal. About a third of the 107-mile-long waterway has already been built across northern Florida by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Cost to date: \$50 million, a great deal of money to go down the drain. But stopping the project, Nixon said, "will prevent a past mistake from causing permanent damage."

Conservationists never saw the canal as anything but a huge environmental blunder (TIME, April 13). By connecting the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, the 9-ft.-deep waterway would have saved shippers a 600-mile journey around Florida. But, as Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality noted, its construction would have inundated the Ocklawaha River basin, a unique and beautiful area abounding in wildlife. Critics also charged that the canal would pollute nearby ground-water supplies and they insisted that the locks would be too small to permit profitable traffic loads.

Two weeks ago, U.S. District Judge Barrington Parker suspended work on the project by granting a preliminary injunction brought by the lawyers of the Environmental Defense Fund. The judge rejected the corps's defense that it was merely acting as the agent of Congress, which cannot be sued unless it waives "sovereign immunity." He ruled that the corps had in fact not complied with the National Environmental Policy Act. Now that Nixon has stopped the project entirely, the next step will be for government bodies and environmentalists to work out what to do with both the completed parts of the waterway and the condemned land along its route.

President Nixon's action demonstrated that ecology is playing a bigger and bigger role in politics, a point Nixon emphasized in his State of the Union message (see THE NATION). Moreover, the order encouraged conservationists who hope that the Corps of Engineers will

shift its focus from building ecologically questionable canals and dams to more desperately needed projects. Among the top priorities: new sewage systems and water-treatment plants.

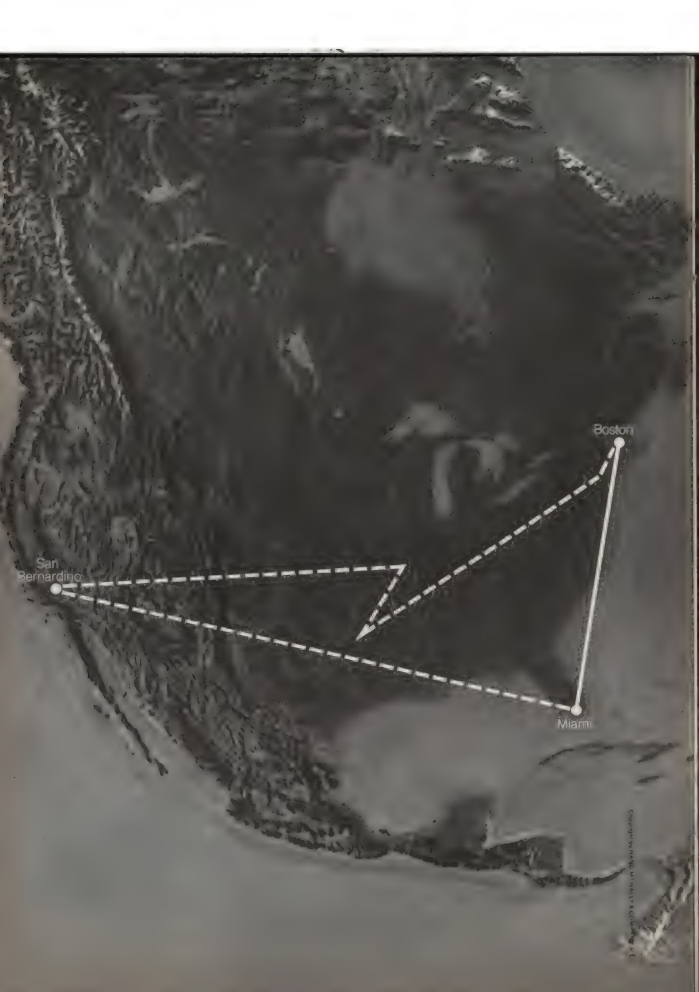
Oil on Troubled Waters

Still upset by the 1969 Santa Barbara Channel blowout, which discharged 336,000 gallons of crude oil, Californians faced an even worse spill last week. This time two Standard Oil of California tankers collided in dense fog under Golden Gate Bridge and drifted helplessly into San Francisco Bay. With a 40-ft. gash in her hull, the *Oregon Standard* gushed 1,000,000 gallons of bunker fuel oil that soon coated beaches and wildlife sanctuaries for 50 miles of the coast. Some people were so incensed at Standard Oil that they hurled plastic bags full of oil at the company's downtown San Francisco office and dumped dead fish into the building's ornamental pool.

Meantime, however, thousands of more constructive citizens—hardhats, longhairs, soldiers, schoolchildren—joined in round-the-clock efforts to rescue birds and mop up beaches. Standard Oil rushed in big supplies of cleaning equipment. The Coast Guard launched an investigation. For one thing, most other shipping had been suspended during the fog, and the Standard tankers had no pilots. In addition state legislators introduced bills aimed at strengthening navigational and piloting safeguards in California's inland waters.



"OREGON STANDARD" AFTER COLLISION
Worse than Santa Barbara.



San
Bernardino

Boston

Miami

At 100,000 miles per second,
the shortest distance between two phones may be a zigzag.

At the speed telephone signals travel, a detour isn't
a delay.

Say you're calling from Boston to Miami. It's quite
possible that you'll be routed through San Bernardino,
California.

But you'll arrive in Miami just as fast. Or only a frac-
tion of a second later.

Your call goes the long way for just one reason: so
you won't get caught in a traffic jam the short way. (When
it's an extra-busy 10 a.m. Christmas morning in Boston,
it's only 7 a.m. in California.)

To know when to send you where, network traffic
managers aided by computers are watch-dogging mil-
lions of calls each day.

Each of 12 regional centers in North America has
its own traffic team that studies a board lit up with calls
flashing to their destination.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
and your local Bell Company aren't satisfied just perfect-
ing this overland route.

Now we're working out wider uses for the communi-
cations satellites overhead.

So the shortest distance between two phones may
take you through outer space.



TELEVISION

Future Schlock

There is no truth to the rumor that business is so depressed in the television industry that the networks are piping canned laughter into their elevators. But times are not exactly prime when cheapie daytime game shows are scheduled after dark and when reruns start in January (see *following story*). Another ominous signal: news specials are being threatened with low-visibility time slots—and there may be fewer such programs.

Clearly, the networks are in a tight profit squeeze. Their combined advertising billings were off 3.8% in the last quarter of 1970, and some commercial minutes are currently being "fire-sold" at discounts of up to 40%. Meanwhile the networks' costs are heading in the other direction. The National Football League has auctioned air rights at so extortionate a price that neither CBS nor NBC is making anything from the sport.

Bye-Bye, Beethoven. The three co-stars of *Bonanza* now command salaries so high (\$15,000 each per segment this season, \$16,000 next, \$17,000 the year after) that NBC has had to pare the number of fresh episodes produced to 27. On other series, the standard TV year—once 39 originals and 13 reruns—has shrunk to as low as 18 new shows; filling out the schedule are repeats and special pre-emptions. Austerity has resulted in an increase in reruns and a cutback in specials. CBS, for example, filmed a 200th-birthday tribute to Beethoven but never aired it for lack of a sponsor.

Two Government actions are also encouraging network retrenchment. One is the ban on cigarette advertising, which will cost the three networks \$151.9 million, or 8.8% of their annual revenues. The other is a Federal Communications

Commission ruling that will, in effect, limit the networks to three hours of nightly programming between 7 p.m. and 11 p.m. (6 p.m. to 10 p.m. in the Central Time Zone) starting next fall. The well-intentioned goal is to give independent producers and individual stations an incentive to present more diversified fare. But, as FCC Chairman Dean Burch argued in his persuasive dissent, the result will probably be more uniformity, or worse. Affiliated stations and syndicators are unlikely to gamble on costly, high-quality programming in the time they will get back: four hours a week from CBS, 3½ from NBC. (ABC, having anticipated the cutback, will have to rejigger its schedule but surrender only one more hour.)

Trial Balloon. The time ruling and the general economic slowdown have provided two short-term advantages to the industry, however. With fewer available hours (and thus commercial minutes), the networks will probably be able to hold the line on rates. And because hard times have hit the consumer as well as the TV business, viewers have been less able to afford to go out at night. Thus the networks' combined audience has risen 1.4 Nielsen points this season, or an average of 1.7 million viewers per minute.

But at a time when the public is watching more (about six hours a day in the typical household), there is less worth watching. The prospect is for a surfeit of quiz shows and reruns. There are already reports, which are perhaps trial balloons, that NBC and CBS may move their money-losing Tuesday night news specials *First Tuesday* and *60 Minutes* to Sunday afternoon. Then the programs would not run at all during the endless football season. Asked what viewers could look forward to in prime time, former NBC Vice President Paul Klein replied: "Future schlock."

Recycled Waste

If nothing else, the TV networks' "second season"—shows substituted mid-term for those killed by bad ratings—could serve as a postgraduate seminar for ecologists. No other U.S. industry is as practiced or proficient in recycling its waste products.

The CBS replacement entries include a series of *Jackie Gleason* and the *Honeymooners* reruns dating from 1969. NBC is introducing two substitutes it bought two years ago and then shelved. One of ABC's fill-in series is *The Reel Game*, a formula quiz show produced by and starring Jack Barry, who was associated with *Tic Tac Dough* and *Twenty-One* until the 1958 rigging scandals. A syndicated revival of Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* returned to the air in 107 cities last week.

The only vaguely venturesome show among the seven network replacements is CBS's *All in the Family*. But its promotion campaign underscores the whole downhill history of television in America. Triumphs the CBS ad: "You are about to see something entirely new in comedy. Real people." In fact, the characters are only gross caricatures who may be different from—but barely more real than—the inhabitants of any other American half-hour situation comedy.

Family is based on the BBC's classic satirical series on lower-middle-class racism, *Till Death Do Us Part*. The copy, however, has none of the original's vulgar gusto, savagery or plausibility. By way of a breakthrough for CBS, there is an on-air burp. A black is called a spook, a Jew is called a Yid. Nuns and preachers, pinkos and John Wayne get equal sturring time. The show proves that bigotry can be as boring and predictable as the upthunk fluff of *The Brady Bunch*.

CBS's other new production gives Andy Griffith a second bash at a comeback during the 1970-71 season. The (so-

MURPHY & DUEL IN "SMITH AND JONES"



GRIFFITH WITH GUEST STAR DON KNOTTS



BAILEY & BING CROSBY



A black and white photograph showing a stack of six cars, with a person standing next to the bottom-most car for scale. The cars are stacked vertically, with the bottom car being a light-colored sedan and the others being darker. The person is standing on the ground next to the bottom car, providing a sense of scale. The cars are stacked in a way that they appear to be balanced on top of each other. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

Of course, this kind of strength isn't built into a Volvo just so it will hold up a lot of cars.

Volvos are built strong so they'll hold up a lot of years. Exactly how many we can't guarantee. But we do know that in Sweden Volvos are driven an average of eleven years.

Are you sure you're in the market for a hardtop? Or is what you really want a hard top?

called) *New Andy Griffith Show* is really just a return to the old original *Andy Griffith Show*. This, too, is recycled waste. In the first series, starting in 1960, Griffith was a lovable sheriff who rode his patrol car to the No. 1 spot in the Nielsen before the tedious overtook him in 1968. Last fall Griffith was made less bucolic in *Headmaster*, which involved a private school where the kids were into pot and such. The show was apparently too "relevant" (in the network use of the term) for Griffith fans: the pedagogue plopped as low as 67th (out of 79) in the ratings. Hence CBS's decision to re-rusticate Andy in mid-winter. Now he is a lovable small-town mayor. *New Griffith* tends to glaze over with Hollywood slickness whatever true grit the earlier shows had, but the premiere sent the actor back up to No. 12 in the Nielsen.

Pale Fondas. One of the shows that NBC pulled off the shelf is *Strange Report*, a British-made detective drama. (The other, *From a Bird's Eye View*, debuts in March.) *Strange Report*'s only drawback seems to be that it is disarmingly sophisticated compared with the jaw-busting genre of American police stories. In the opening episodes, the acting was first-rate (Anthony Quayle plays Criminologist Adam Strangel), and there were flashes of intelligence and piquancy not to be found in a domestic melodrama.

None of the four new ABC series is nearly as engrossing. *The Smith Family* is a half-hour "comedy-drama" starring Henry Fonda as a compassionate detective sergeant who mans the barricades against crime and the generation gap. The rest of the Smiths and their interplay pale by comparison with Fonda's real-life family, but his series is distinguishable from the competition in three respects: Fonda's own performance, his insistence that the laugh track be removed, and the fact that he is not a widower (Janet Blair plays his wife).

Alien Smith and Jones is a western about two desperadoes (Ben Murphy and Pete Duel) in search of vocational guidance. It would be shamelessly derivative of ABC's old *Maverick* if it did not owe even more to the film *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Murphy, in the role of Jones, has the same blue eyes, curly locks and, to the best of his meager craft, the mannerisms of Paul Newman, who played Cassidy in the movie. What is missing is the panache.

The *Pearl Bailey Show* might just as well be titled the *Pearl Harbor Show*. Pandering to its time slot immediately following Lawrence Welk, the variety hour is creaky in sets, costumes, camerawork and guests (Lucille Ball, Jimmy Durante, Bing Crosby). It should appeal only to Bailey fans and viewers who want to close their eyes and recapture the tingle of radio—a practice to be seriously considered in preference to watching most of the first and second TV seasons.

• Richard Burgheim

Little Big Man

They said I was too small to play in high school. I made All-America. Then they said I couldn't play in college. I made All-America three years running. Now they say I can't play in the pros. Well, damn. I know I can.

At 5 ft. 9 in., Calvin Murphy is the shortest player in the National Basketball Association—and one of the tallest in determination. When he was drafted by the San Diego Rockets last year, many of the pros predicted that he would be overshadowed like a sapling among sequoias. Now, at the midpoint of his rookie season, Murphy is developing into one of the best little big men in the league. In his last four games he has averaged 15 points while bedeviling his taller rivals with his darting speed and an incredible spring that, says Teammate Elvin Hayes, "allows him to play on a 6-ft. 4-in. level." Against the champion New York Knicks last week Murphy scored seven points in the final minutes and tied the game seconds before the buzzer. In the overtime, he added six more crucial points before the Knicks eked out a 117-113 win. Murphy ended the evening with 23 points (his .625 shooting average topped all the Knick scorers), four assists and, remarkably, seven rebounds—more than any Knick except 6-ft. 10-in. Willis Reed and 6-ft. 4-in. Walt Frazier. Said Frazier: "We were doing the things we always do, but that little Murphy damn near did us in."

Into the Novel. Though he is more than a foot shorter and 75 lbs. lighter than many of his opponents, Murphy is not one to be intimidated. He had barely suited up for the Rockets in a pre-season game when he found himself staring into the navel of 7-ft. 1-in. Wilt Chamberlain of the Los Angeles Lakers. "If you want to stay on the court, rookie," growled Wilt the Stilt, "stay out of the middle." The next thing Chamberlain knew, there was Murphy charging straight into the keyhole. Calvin faked one way, Wilt lunged another, and the little man followed his fake to scot in for a lay-up. In the home opener against the Phoenix Suns, Murphy encountered 7-ft. Mel Counts in a one-on-one situation, and scored by vaulting up and shooting over the giant center. "Calvin has a little bit of a handicap on his jumping," says Rocket Coach Alex Hannum. "It takes him so long to come down."

It will take Murphy a bit longer to come up to his own standards. Like Rookie Pete Maravich of the Atlanta Hawks, he is still making the difficult adjustment from the high-scoring college "gunner" to the all-round player demanded by the pros. Primarily, he is working on defense and on passing off

to the open man in offensive patterns—skills that were of secondary importance when he played for Niagara University and averaged 33.1 points per game, the third highest career mark in N.C.A.A. history. Murphy has no trouble hitting the hoop; though used sparingly in the early part of the season, he has so far topped 20 points in 13 games, including a brilliant 29-point burst in 29 minutes of play against the Suns. All the Rockets feel "Midget Man" will make it big in the pros, and no one is as certain as Murphy himself. "I want to be a superstar," he says matter-of-factly, "and I truly feel I have all the qualities."

No More Shoveling. There was a time when pro scouts were less convinced: in last year's draft, Murphy was the only All-America player who was not snapped up in the first round. His pride offended, he was all but ready to sign with the Harlem Globetrotters, a team styled after the Harlem Globetrotters. Then, reflecting on his childhood in Norwalk, Conn., he decided that he had shoveled the snow off the playground courts too many times, had practiced with weights on his ankles too many hours not "to prove myself one more time." He has. A favorite with local fans, Murphy has permanently settled in San Diego with his 4-ft. 11-in. wife Vernetta and their infant daughter Tiffani Dawn. Says Calvin: "We've got to be the shortest family in either league."

Murphy would have it no other way. "I'm happy being five nine," he says. "I've lived short all this time. I don't know whether I could handle it if I got

BOB GOMEL



MURPHY DRIVING AGAINST THE KNICKS
Not one to be intimidated.



MURPHY & FAMILY
Sapling among sequoias.

tall." Besides, he says, there are advantages to being a nite among monsters. "When I'm on the court, people recognize me. Off the court, I blend into the crowd. Just being yourself is awfully nice."

The Booboo Bowl

While 64 million TV viewers were watching the Super Bowl on NBC last week, ABC in New York was running a film called *Snow White and the Three Stooges*. At times it was hard to tell which show was which. When it came to pratfalls, the Dallas Cowboys and the Baltimore Colts all but upstaged the Three Stooges. At the very end, the Cowboys snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. The Colts provided the surprise ending with a last-second field goal that gave them a 16-13 win and \$15,000 per man.

What preceded that climax in Miami's Orange Bowl was an astonishing afternoon of fumbles, interceptions and bizarre turns. Shortly after the opening whistle, Colt Quarterback Johnny Unitas set the theme by throwing an interception. Dallas responded by losing 23 yds. on three plays and then punting. Colt Safety Ron Gardin hovered under the kick and then bolted off—leaving the ball behind for Dallas to recover on the Baltimore 9-yd. line. The Cowboys, more or less led by Quarterback Craig Morton, went nowhere and had to settle for a field goal. Minutes later, Morton connected on a long pass play that moved the ball to the Colt 6-yd. line. Incredibly, Morton then managed to draw a rare 15-yd. penalty for intentionally grounding the ball, and Dallas again settled for a field goal.

Later in the second quarter, the Colts pulled off a play more befitting volleyball than football. Sending Tight End John Mackey downfield as a decoy, Unitas

took aim at Wide Receiver Eddie Hinton—and overthrew him. Hinton leaped and tipped the ball to Cowboy Cornerback Mel Renfro, who caught and tipped the ball to the startled Mackey, who raced 45 yds. for a touchdown.

As booboo piled upon booboo, it was apparent that these were two spooked teams. Both were desperately seeking vindication, the Colts for their humiliating 16-7 loss to the underdog New York Jets in the 1969 Super Bowl, the Cowboys for blowing two league and two conference title games in the past four years. What they achieved was 60 minutes of chaotic excitement in which supposed strengths became weaknesses.

After displaying a bulldozing running attack all year long, Dallas could generate only a meager 104 yds. on the ground; Baltimore's premier quarterback Johnny Unitas completed only three out of nine passes before retiring with injured ribs. Earl Morrall, his back-up man and another veteran, did little better with seven for 15.

Rattling Tactics. The game's six interceptions and five lost fumbles were partly due, of course, to the ferocity of the defense. But that could not explain all the incredible miscues. Nor could it account for some of the strangest coaching ever seen in a major game. Near the end of the first half, Baltimore had a first down on the Dallas 2-yd. line. Though the Dallas forward wall is famed for its goal-line stands, the Colts sent Running Back Norm Bulach into the line three straight times for no gain. Then, refusing to go for a sure field goal, Coach Don McCafferty called for a pass that was easily broken up. Even more curious were some of the calls that came from the Dallas bench. Cowboy Coach Tom Landry is rated a brilliant strategist; in fact, he put Dallas into the Super Bowl in the first place by calling all plays from the sidelines. But consider. With less than 2 min. remaining and the score tied 13-13, the Cowboys were on the Colt 48-yd. line and needed only a few more yards to be in range of a winning field goal. What Landry called was a pass from Morton, a sore-armed thrower who had completed only 27% of his attempts in the two play-off games. Morton was dumped for a loss—and Dallas never again got within scoring position.

One of the few cool heads on the field belonged to Baltimore's Place Kicker Jim O'Brien, a 23-year-old rookie. As he set up his field-goal attempt on the Dallas 32-yd. line with just 5 sec. remaining in the game, the Cowboys started screaming at him: "Don't choke! Don't choke! You're gonna blow it!" O'Brien had prepared for such rattling tactics by having teammates yell at him in practice. With icy precision, he split the uprights to give the Colts a 16-13 victory. In the locker room later, O'Brien claimed that he had foreseen the outcome in "a kind of storybook dream." For the fans, nightmare was a more appropriate word.

MILESTONES

Died. Richard B. Russell, 73, dean of the U.S. Senate (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Harry F. Guggenheim, 80, philanthropist and industrialist, who with his wife founded Long Island's *Newsday* and turned it into the largest suburban daily (circa 455,501) in the U.S.; in Sands Point, N.Y. Scion of a wealthy mining family, Guggenheim devoted his early years to the family's businesses and foundations, translating his immense enthusiasm for aviation into generous grants that helped establish six schools of aeronautical engineering (including those at M.I.T., Caltech and Stanford), underwrote Charles A. Lindbergh's triumphal tours with the *Spirit of St. Louis* in 1927, and financed much of Dr. Robert H. Goddard's pioneering research in rocketry. Recruited into public service on several occasions, Guggenheim served as Ambassador to Cuba from 1929 to 1933, then during World War II went into naval aviation and rose to the rank of captain. By then he had already founded *Newsday* with an investment of \$50,000 in 1940; the paper grew into a vast success in no small part because of the brilliant direction provided by his wife Alicia Patterson, who was its editor and publisher until her death in 1963. Guggenheim carried on for a while alone, then with former I.B.J. Aide Bill Moyers as publisher, until last May, when he sold his 51% interest in *Newsday* to the Times Mirror Co., publisher of the Los Angeles Times.

Died. Antonio Cardinal Bacci, 85, the Vatican's leading Latin expert, who fought bitterly with Pope Paul VI over introduction of vernacular languages into the Mass in Rome. When the Mass was revised in 1969, the conservative cardinal angrily and publicly labeled the new version near heretical. The outburst was not surprising for a churchman whose whole life was devoted to the unshakable conviction that Latin, far from being dead, was a "living and vital language for all cultivated persons." Over the years, Bacci brought out four editions of a Latin dictionary, including terms that did not exist in Caesar's day, and himself coined such gems as *gummis salivaria* (chewing gum) and *barbara salatio* (the twist).

Died. Gilbert ("Broncho Billy") Anderson, 88, father of the movie horse opera; of a heart attack in South Pasadena, Calif. Anderson did not know how to ride or shoot in 1903 when he appeared in *The Great Train Robbery*, which ran all of ten minutes and was the most successful and influential of the early story films. In 1907 he moved to California, where he directed, wrote and acted in some 375 westerns as Broncho Billy, a rough but noble Robin Hood-style desperado.

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BUSINESS

Nixon's New Keep-Them-Guessing Policy

ONE thing President Nixon vowed not to do when he took office was to "jawbone"—to bring direct presidential pressure to bear against companies or unions that seek big price or wage boosts. Yet the President and his advisers are now busily shaping a technique for doing just that. Their plans strongly resemble the Lyndon Johnson policies that Nixon has often scorned as inequitable and ineffective. The reason is simple: two weeks ago, the President was finally provoked into swinging the jawbone hard—and last week his effort yielded him a much-needed gain in the campaign against inflation.

Bethlehem Steel had no sooner posted a 12½% boost in the price of structural steel than Nixon denounced it as "enormous" and threatened to suspend the so-called "voluntary" quotas under which foreign countries hold down shipments of low-priced steel to the U.S. Other companies were expected to follow Bethlehem. But the President's threat and gentlemanly chats with White House aides led U.S. Steel Corp., for one, to raise its prices by only 6.8%. Early last week Bethlehem bowed to the inevitable and scaled its increase down to 6.8%.

Don't Go Too Far. The President is about to propose an expansionary budget aimed at stimulating the economy and reducing unemployment. That will surely intensify wage-price pressures unless the Government takes direct steps to contain them. The action against Bethlehem could be the first such step, but only if businessmen and unionists can be convinced that it is not an isolated incident.

Nixon is letting word spread that he will indeed act against other wage or price hikes that go too far. He and his advisers are formulating a keep-them-guessing strategy. Unlike John Kennedy and L.B.J., the President will not proclaim any formal guidelines for non-inflationary wage and price boosts. Union leaders and businessmen will be left to figure out for themselves just which rises might draw presidential wrath and what form the White House reaction might take.

The President moved quickly to begin putting this policy into effect. Last week Nixon:

- Summoned the Construction Industry Collective Bargaining Commission, a panel of industry, union and public rep-

resentatives, to the White House. He read his visitors a list of recommendations he had collected for breaking the dizzying construction wage-price spiral. He could, for example, suspend the Davis-Bacon Act, which requires payment of "prevailing" local wages on federally assisted construction, or he could cancel federal building in areas of excessive wage boosts. Nixon insisted that he was making no threats. "I'm not suggesting that if you don't do this, I'll do that," he said. Nevertheless, he asked the group to work out its own plan for holding down construction wage-price boosts and bring it back to him in 30 days. The commission set up a "working group," composed of industry, union

tending the import quotas. Steelmen expect to raise prices on bars, rods, pipe and sheet this spring. The obvious message from the White House is that the companies had better not boost them more than 6% or so.

Something to Worry About. Administration officials set no limits on how far jawboning might go. Initially, they talked of attacking only those industries in which the Government has some direct leverage—such as oil and steel, which are protected by import quotas, and construction, in which Washington finances some 20% of all building. Last week Nixon men were dropping reminders that all things considered there are few if any industries in which the Government does not have some influence on prices.

The tactic of threatening everyone generally and few people specifically has its dangers. In order to work, a jawboning policy must appear fair. The President cannot afford to look as if he is capriciously singling out industries that are in the public eye or susceptible to pressure. More important, he must act against excessive wage boosts as well as price increases. And even if the President can persuade union leaders to hold down wage demands, the leaders may be unable to control a rebellious rank and file. Nixon might do better to reinstate wage-price guidelines for all unions and industries. Such guidelines would at least establish a goal for the executive or labor leader who is not particularly vulnerable to presidential prodding but who fears inflation enough to respond to White House leadership.

At minimum, Nixon's emerging policy will give company and union leaders something new to worry about when they decide on price and wage policies. Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, says that Nixon's new policy "might repair some of the damage he did" by announcing at the outset of his Administration that he would go easy with exhortation. When Nixon made that statement, Pierre Rinfret, a Manhattan economic consultant and sometime Nixon adviser, flashed all his clients to put through any price increases they might have in mind. Last week Rinfret was advising them to think again, because "the days of being able to raise prices as much as you want are over."



"JAWBONING"

and public members, as a first step toward some sort of wage-stabilization board for construction.

- Began setting up machinery for facilitating further jawboning. The Cabinet Committee on Economic Policy asked the Council of Economic Advisers to supply more frequent and detailed private versions of the quarterly "inflation alerts" that it issues publicly. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said that the advisories would contain recommendations for "further action where that seems appropriate."

- Kept up the heat on steel. The Cabinet Committee let it be known that it was still studying steel prices, and the Administration did not hurry to resume talks with foreign governments about ex-



MARKETING CARNATIONS IN LITTLE ROCK
To soothe the savage redneck.

SELLING

Business Is Blooming

Next to chimney sweeps and blacksmiths, the people whose services are least in demand nowadays are those who sport long hair. "I tried to get a job in a supermarket, then as a newspaper copy boy, and later as a service-station attendant," recalls John Wayne Suggs, 18, once a typical long-haired unemployed. "But they'd take one look at me and say 'Get out.'" Without benefit of a barber, he finally found a career.

Suggs is now a middle-echelon manager for Jerry Campbell and Tom Scott, two 24-year-olds from Dallas who employ a ragtag army of some 170 flower children to sell carnations on the streets of several cities. The pair first tried the idea six months ago at home as a way of helping some of their jobless friends. The idea paid off so handsomely that Campbell and Scott now have flowers flown in from growers in Colorado, California and Illinois, and have hired young people to sell them in Fort Worth, Houston, Austin, Phoenix, Little Rock, Ark., and Wichita, Kans. They intend to reach into ten other cities and are trying to copyright the name Flower Children. "We felt," said Campbell, "that this was an idea that could really benefit from combining the hippie and flower-children aspect with the principles of aggressive selling."

The floral path to prosperity has been thick with thorns. In Little Rock, one 17-year-old girl was busted for blocking a street. Some florists near Dallas, irked that Scott and Campbell were undercutting them by selling carnations at \$2.50 a dozen, threatened to boycott merchants who allowed flower children to operate in front of their stores. In

Houston, one long-haired salesman was beaten by police for no apparent reason, his attorney charges.

The sellers get a 20% cut of the retail price and, though most of them work only a few days before drifting on, a few have found longer-lasting job satisfaction. Says one 16-year-old salesgirl in Dallas: "Flowers soothe the savage redneck." Adds John Suggs, who oversees the group's Little Rock operation: "This kind of work is fun, and flowers have a spiritual quality. They make people smile."

LABOR

Thank God It's Thursday?

After years of talking about the four-day work week, only about 60 U.S. companies, with a total of 11,000 employees, have yet adopted it. But last week Chrysler Corp., which employs 153,000, agreed to set up a joint committee with the United Auto Workers to study the feasibility of switching to a four-day schedule followed by three days off. If such a schedule becomes part of a new contract, it could provide a powerful impetus for a shorter work week in the U.S.

There are many potential advantages to what is called "the 4-40 week" (to emphasize the fact that workers would still put in 40 hours in four ten-hour days). For Chrysler, it holds a promise of higher worker morale and lower absenteeism, which now ranges up to 20% of the industry's work force on Fridays and Mondays. Consumers might benefit as well—from a squeezing out of "Monday-morning lemons." On days like Monday, when absenteeism is high, auto companies are forced to put inexperienced workers on the line and usually turn out a higher proportion of poorly assembled cars than on other days.

Columbia Economist Eli Ginzberg, chairman of the National Manpower Advisory Committee, raises one minor objection. If all blue-collar workers ultimately gain a four-day week, he warns, then teachers will demand the same—and parents will have to figure out what to do with the kids on Friday.

MONEY

Begging for Borrowers

When the economy was lively and money was loose, bankers were only too eager to counsel their customers on the advantages of borrowing. When money tightened and the economy began to turn sour, bankers turned dour. As interest rates for loans rose dramatically, many a loan officer became severely selective. Less affluent customers were often treated like indigent in-laws. Now the situation has suddenly reversed. Bankers are loaded with relatively cheap and ready cash: it is borrowers who are playing hard to get.

Loan officers are warmly welcoming applicants who would not have gotten beyond the lobby only a few months ago.

Bankers are again touting loan offers in splashy advertisements. One for Chase Manhattan Bank goes: "When you want to borrow money, your friend at Chase is the man to see. He can handle any kind of loan you want. Big loans. Little loans. In-between loans."

Cheaper Mortgages. This abrupt turnaround was largely engineered by the Federal Reserve Board. Hoping to stimulate business, the Fed has been increasing the money supply at an annual rate of 5% to 6%. Instead of borrowing, however, corporations have been trying to clean up their debts and build their cash reserves. Speaking of 1970, James Howell, chief economist of Boston's First National Bank, says: "We damn near had a collapse of business-loan demand." Consumers have also been reluctant to borrow because they are worried about social unrest, the economy and rising unemployment, which has been unusually high among the traditionally safe middle-income groups. More and more people are putting off buying. Instead, personal savings are rising to record heights. The Bank of America, the nation's largest, has been swamped with deposits, which last year climbed from \$25.5 billion to \$29.7 billion.

To make borrowing more attractive, banks clipped their interest rates again last week. They reduced the prime rate for the most credit-worthy customers from 6½% to 6%. The prime has been dropped eight times since March, when it stood at an unprecedented 8½%. Six of the drops came in the past two months—a modern record. Big Manhattan banks reduced their rates on residential mortgages from 7½% to 7¼%. Around the country, mortgage lenders are trimming their rates below last year's peak of 9½% and accepting lower down payments. In order to keep in step with market trends, the Federal Reserve Board



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reduced its discount rate, the fee that it charges on loans to member banks. From 5 1/2% to 5%, the lowest in almost three years. The discount rate is unlikely to go down again soon. But nobody rules out the possibility of further cuts in the prime rate if borrowing continues to be sluggish.

Too Much, Too Long. In its fight against price rises, the Nixon Administration seems to have been too successful in dousing the nation's inflationary mood. Today, as the President aims for economic expansion, the job of reviving business exuberance is proving difficult indeed. "What is needed," says Walter Hoadley, chief economist of the Bank of America, "is a restoration of confidence, and we wish we knew when that will happen. People have had too much bad news for too long. There is still a temptation to wait."

There are reasons for optimism. The stock market, industrial production and personal income are rising; so are housing starts. But the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center, which polls consumers, reports that their confidence is at the lowest point since the surveys began in 1952. Economist George Katona, the director of the center, does predict that consumer confidence and spending will revive—but not before summer.



RALPH NADER IN KYOTO
The biggest thing since Babe Ruth.

CONSUMERISM Nader Samurai

Consumer Champion Ralph Nader may not seem the most likely hero for a country that is sometimes referred to as Japan, Inc. But during a five-day visit that ended last week, he proved to be just about the most popular American guest since Babe Ruth. Invited by

the Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun*, Nader was lionized wherever he went. In return he made front-page news for his hosts. He lectured to S.R.O. crowds and held a sharp televised debate with a vice president of New Japan Steel on the subject of corporate spending to control pollution. He declared that one slum district ought to be cleared as a "pollution-intense" area and encouraged the Japanese to speak up more for consumer protection. "Citizenship in almost every country," he told his hosts, "is as primitive as physics was in the days of Archimedes."

Nader zipped through a packed schedule, clutching folders and papers, and looking like the soul of seriousness and efficiency. Observing that Japanese exports are the most vulnerable part of the economy, he suggested that mercury-tainted tuna might be "the first glimmer on the horizon" of a new fact: "Japan's pollution problem is being internationalized," and could form "a new kind of non-tariff trade barrier."

In Kyoto, Nader sat down on the straw *tatami* mat floor of a Japanese inn with leaders of Japan's fledgling consumers' union and composed a six-page open letter to Prime Minister Eisaku Sato suggesting that cars sold in Japan should have the same safety devices—seat belts, headrests, dual braking systems—that are put on models exported

Milton Friedman: An Oracle Besieged

NOW that President Nixon has switched to a new and more activist economic policy, there is rising criticism of the man who provided the intellectual backing for the old one. Milton Friedman, 58, a bouncy, bantam-size economist, has seldom been a more controversial oracle than at present. Friedman argues that, because it is based on uncertain statistics and fallible judgments, Government tinkering with the economy is more likely to cause harm than good. He insists that the best policy would call for a sure and steady expansion of the nation's money supply at an annual rate of about 5%. Money supply, he says, controls economic growth and, over the long run, the pace at which prices rise or fall.

The problem is that the long run may well be too long for a nation grown impatient with inflation—and for an Administration confronted with 6% unemployment. Says a top official of the Federal Reserve Board: "We've been putting out money for some time at about the rate Friedman said, and we still have a sick economy." The unwelcome combination of recession and inflation is also spreading doubts about Friedman among businessmen, politicians and economists. Many complain that Friedman's monetarist philosophy oversimplifies the complexities of the

world's largest economy. That philosophy appealed to the Nixon Administration, says Arthur Okun, who was chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers under Lyndon Johnson, because "it meant the less economic policy the better."

Fervor of Religion. There is no doubt that Friedman's persuasive powers helped to swing the Nixon Administration away from the precepts of Britain's late John Maynard Keynes. An apostle of intervention, Keynes acknowledged a role for money policy but preached that governments should mainly manipulate fiscal policy—that is, taxes and spending—to help determine their economic destinies. Nixon's top economists rejected the Keynesian "new economics" of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. They labeled themselves "Friedmanesque," and indicted the "new economics" as the cause of inflation and social unrest.

Most of today's economists, however, have been reared in the Keynesian faith, and they lean toward the Democratic Party. The monetarists, on the other hand, tend to identify with Republicans. The ensuing clash of philosophies thus involves high policy, politics and the fervor of a religious schism. Nixon's half-successful jawboning against steel-price increases suggests that Friedman may

have lost his most illustrious convert. After his recently televised "conversation," the President remarked casually to a startled TV commentator: "I am now a Keynesian."

A particularly nettlesome question is: do Friedman's theories suffice in today's part-free, part-regulated U.S. economy, where industrial oligarchies can virtually dictate some prices and monopolist labor unions can virtually dictate some wages? Such "important structural changes" in the economy "make Friedmanite solutions unrealistic," argues Economist John R. Bunting, president of First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust Co. "It would be wonderful if just fixing money-supply growth within an appropriate range would make inflation and other economic problems disappear."

Friedman insists that the Nixon Administration has actually had "enormous success" in trying to arrest inflation by following his monetary prescription: "The medicine is working on schedule," he told *TIME* Correspondent Jacob Simms. "We have been attacking the severest U.S. inflation on record except for times of major war, but the recession is the mildest in the postwar era."

By Friedman's analysis, a predictable slowdown in the economy began about nine months after the Federal Reserve started tightening up on the growth of

to the U.S. He also made the point that every time a Japanese company recalls its cars in the U.S., it should be required to do so in Japan. The next day, Honda Motor Company recalled 63,000 cars sold in Japan for replacement of a defective clutch system. Honda executives said that the action had nothing to do with Nader's letter to Satō.

RAILROADS

Meany for Nationalization

George Meany, the labor gerontocrat, maintains a continuing devotion to the free-enterprise system. Even so, next month he plans to lift his gruff and powerful voice to insist that Congress nationalize the country's troubled railroads. "Looking around the world at railroads that are under government control and seeing the type of service they give, I say it's not too bad," argues Meany. "We are not doing very well under private management right now in this country."

At the quarterly meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council on Feb. 15, Meany will ask his union federation to endorse nationalization. The council is almost sure to back him. His legislative staff is already drawing up a nationalization bill that sympathetic Congressmen will then introduce. Meany's intention is to counter another bill, pro-

posed by President Nixon, calling on Congress to bar railroad strikes by ordering compulsory arbitration.

Union men would do almost anything rather than lose their ultimate weapon, the strike. But not all of them agree with Meany that their salvation lies in nationalization. It may be easier to wheedle raises out of Congress than out of the rail companies, but nationalization would lead to consolidation of lines and a cutback of jobs. All that is hardly an immediate possibility, however, if only because Congress would need some \$60 billion simply to buy out existing rail companies. Though nationalization is too radical a step for Congress to take in a single term, Meany hopes to get the subject before the public.

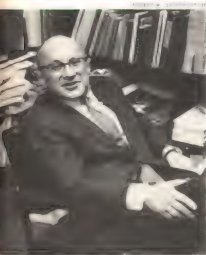
Whichever tactic Congress selects in this session, the present method of handling rail labor disputes will change. Negotiations now follow steps laid out meticulously in the Railway Labor Act of 1926. If talks bog down, the act allows a presidential fact-finding board to forbid a strike and mediate the dispute. "Knowing that the Government will ultimately step in," complains Labor Secretary James Hodgson, "each party is reluctant to do any meaningful bargaining in advance." By the time the halfhearted negotiations reach the strike stage, Congress usually has to vote a special



UNION CHIEF MEANY & FRIEND
Private management is not doing very well.

act to keep the railroads in operation.

Lawmakers are tiring of such last-minute rescues. Last month, to halt a strike that would have stopped all the nation's rail traffic, Congress imposed an 80-day cooling-off period. When that expires March 1 and the unions are free to walk out again, Congress will probably be more interested in Nixon's hard-line arbitration plan than in Meany's dreams of nationalization or any scheme that might perpetuate crisis bargaining.



money supply at the beginning of 1969. After that lag, Friedman calculates, it takes an average of still another six to nine months more before reduced output—and increasing joblessness—begin to affect prices. Last week the Commerce

Economists have long realized that monetary restraint affects output first, prices later. Friedman for the first time articulated the typical length of the second lag last September during a speech in London. The effect is to double the delay between dosage and result that has been popularly attributed to monetarist medicine.

Department reported that in 1970 the nation's real output of goods and services fell by 5%, but prices rose 5.3%, the steepest one-year advance since 1951. Even so, Friedman tirelessly maintains that the momentum of inflation is slowing, because the annual rate of increase in the consumer price index declined from 6.3% during the first three months of 1970 to 5.8% during the second quarter and 4.2% in the third. During the first two months of the final quarter, the rate of rise went up to 4.8% annually, but that, at least, was considerably below the 6% rate at the start of 1970.

Shadows of Hope. Weak demand has forced many companies to hold down price rises. Wholesale prices rose only 2.3% over the past twelve months; they have not increased since September. The cost of basic raw materials widely used by industry has slipped 8% since March. Corporate purchasing agents are increasingly able to wangle under-the-table price discounts from overstocked manufacturers of such disparate products as office furniture, mini-conductors and paper cartons. Some price cutting has spread to consumer goods, including appliances, television sets and clothing.

Friedman admits that he expected the rate of price increases to taper off faster than it has. He made a bad mistake last February when he predicted that overall inflation would decrease to a 3% annual rate by the end of 1970. On the other hand, he was correct in pre-

dicting that a recession would strike, though a bit too pessimistic about its severity. His recent record as a forecaster may be irrelevant to the validity of his main theory; yet Friedman's ideas gained popularity partly because he and other monetarists proved to be right in earlier forecasts.

Test of Nerve. It is still too soon to assess whether monetary policy has proved inadequate in curbing inflation or reviving the economy. "We have come out of this very luckily," Friedman contends. "But we aren't through yet. The test is whether the Administration and the Federal Reserve will have the guts to keep the present relatively moderate expansion policy and let inflation taper down. There is a real danger of increasing the money supply at such a rate as to rekindle inflation."

The great debate will probably lead policymakers to use an eclectic blend of Keynesian fiscal principles and Friedman monetary principles. Stanford's George L. Bush, one of the most eminent neutral economists, argues that neither fiscal nor monetary policy alone "is powerful enough to regulate the economy effectively. If the Government is sensible, it will always use both." As a decade of prosperity, inflation and recession has demonstrated, changes in taxes and Government spending are difficult to arrange but quick to act on the economy. By contrast, money policies can be changed overnight, but their effect is long delayed.

AVIATION

The Safe Skies

Just one year ago last week, a Pan American Boeing 747 lifted off from New York's Kennedy Airport to begin the first scheduled jumbo-jet service. The flight was six hours late because of an overheating engine. Since that unpromising beginning, the 747 has accumulated a remarkable record for a new aircraft. It has carried 7,000,000 passengers an average of 2,100 miles each, more than five times the number of passenger-miles flown by the Boeing 707 in its first twelve months of service. The statistics would have been the same if the 747 had moved the entire population of Ireland from London to San Francisco. Most important, the 747 accomplished its job without a single fatal accident. No other aircraft has flown so far without serious mishap. Today, 100 big 747s fly for 18 airlines, and without them the skies might be considerably more crowded. To carry the same number of passengers—250,000 per week—would require a fleet of 23,000 DC-3s.

BANKING

Better Than Marriage

Under the eye of television cameras, the heads of three leading European banks took their places on gilded Louis XV chairs at an ornate marble table in an 18th century Baroque palace. Each man in turn signed a document. Then the trio toasted the occasion in Moët & Chandon champagne—as well they might. Crédit Lyonnais of France, Commerzbank of Germany and Banco di Roma of Italy had just joined in a unique accord that one executive described as having "all the advantages of a merger without its inconveniences." The signing brought into being a financial powerhouse with \$18 billion in deposits, 3,000 branches and 60,000 employees, making

it the largest banking operation in Europe and the fourth largest in the world.* Though there will be no common direction, the three partners intend to "harmonize" management practices and so integrate their accounts that a customer will be able to walk into a Crédit Lyonnais branch in Marseilles and make a deposit to his Banco di Roma account in Milan.

Ménage à Trois. Bankers are the latest European businessmen to discover new virtues in mating. They are challenged both by an invasion of big, bold American banks and by the vastly larger needs of European companies that have gone multinational to meet the American competition. Disparate national laws and traditions prevent banks in one country from all-out mergers with banks of another country. But mergers in other industries have already proved projectable, and all over Europe joint ventures are the order of the day. Even parking tickets get co-operative service—one issued in Holland can be presented for collection by police in Germany. Money men are concluding that for them, too, partnership can pay off.

Bank combinations are taking a variety of new forms, cutting across rivalries as well as boundaries. Westdeutsche Landesbank Girozentrale, for instance, joined with National Westminster, Chase Manhattan and the Royal Bank of Canada to start "Orion." The constellation is divided into three parts: a commercial bank, a merchant bank, and a marketing wing that will steer customers of the four shareholding banks to Orion. Another new banking combine is London Multinational, which is backed by Baring Brothers, New York's Chemical Bank, Crédit Suisse, and Chicago's Northern Trust. Still another grouping, called Atlantic International,

* After the Bank of America, First National City and Chase Manhattan.



brings together, among others, Banco di Napoli, National Shawmut of Boston, First Pennsylvania, United California and France's De Neufville, Schlumberger, Mallet.

All Aboard. The multinational trend has built up a momentum of its own. Says Dr. Heinz Sippel, a Westdeutsche Landesbank representative at Orion: "There were a number of trains standing in the station, and we wanted to be sure to get aboard one of them before they all pulled out." Guido Carli, governor of the Bank of Italy, has long criticized Italian banks for lagging behind the "financial supermarkets" of the U.S., in size and range of services. By working together, Europeans will be able to provide both sufficient capital for the needs of the 1970s and the flexibility to deliver loans in any needed currency. For American banks, there is a special inducement: if they find European partners, they are less likely to be sniped at by local economic nationalists.

OIL

Looking for a Fair Sheik

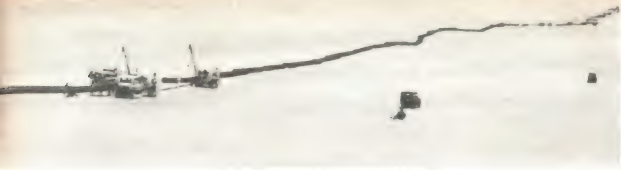
As long as the oil supplies of the Middle East seemed almost inexhaustible, consuming countries usually enjoyed a buyers' market. And Western oil companies kept prices low by playing one oil-producing nation off against another. Lately, an upsurge in demand, the closing of the Suez Canal and a rupture in the Trans-Arabian Pipeline have all but turned the market upside down. Today the sellers have more power than ever before. Oil prices are sure to rise, and negotiations began in Teheran last week to determine how high they will go.

Bargaining Muscle. For the first time, a score of oil companies operating in the Middle East and North Africa are negotiating as a group—"a precedent made possible when the Justice Department agreed to waive the antitrust laws for U.S. participants. The companies are confronting representatives of the main oil-producing nations: Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, Abu Dhabi, Qatar, Algeria, Saudi Arabia, Indonesia and Venezuela. In their quest for money the producing countries can bargain with muscle because they can always threaten to cut

* They include Jersey Standard, Standard of California, Mobil, Texaco, Gulf, British Petroleum, Shell, Compagnie Française des Pétroles and a dozen smaller firms.

SIGNING FOR FRENCH-GERMAN-ITALIAN BANK





PART OF LIBYAN PIPELINE BETWEEN TOBRUK & SIRIR
In a sellers' market, consumers will pay more.

off shipments to Europe, which gets 85% of its oil from them, and to Japan, which depends on the Middle East for 91% of its supplies. They also have an intriguing if not altogether logical argument for higher prices: for every gallon of oil, they collect just a few cents in royalties and taxes—far less than consuming countries collect after tacking on their own gasoline taxes.

The U.S. is only indirectly involved; 3% of its oil comes from the Middle East. But most of the companies in the talks are American-owned, and their investment runs to billions of dollars. Last week President Nixon sent Under Secretary of State John N. Irwin II on an unusual swing through the region to try to persuade the more moderate governments to agree to the oil companies' chief request: a firm agreement setting prices for the next five years.

Libyan Leapfrog. The current quarrel started last summer when the revolutionary Libyan regime of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi set out to pump better terms out of the producing companies. Libya has a strong bargaining position. Its chief port of Tripoli is located only 600 miles from Rome. Most other Middle East oil must be shipped over a long and costly route to Europe. Libya demanded a 30% increase in the posted price of its oil—the price used to calculate the tax paid by companies. That would bring it to \$2.53 a barrel. Gaddafi also insisted that the traditional 50-50 split on profits between the host country and producing companies be changed to 55-45 in Libya's favor. Led by Los Angeles-based Occidental, which depends on Libyan wells for a large part of its supplies, the three dozen companies that operate in Libya all caved in. Other oil-rich countries immediately insisted on a similar rise in their prices. Libya tried to leapfrog over them, demanding still another rise.

Determined to stop the Libyan leapfrog, the oil companies negotiating in Teheran set as their goal a worldwide agreement that would stabilize their payments for oil into the mid-1970s. They offered higher payments, including—for the first time—an annual increase to take account of worldwide inflation. For their part, the oil-producing nations insisted on separate agreements for each region—which the companies fear would open up the prospect of leapfrogging prices once again. As with ev-

erything else in the volatile Middle East, the eventual outcome is unpredictable. The only certainty is that consumers in Europe and Japan will soon be paying more for oil and gasoline.

Seeing Stars

Part of the price of doing business with the Arab world is that many oil companies for more than two decades have quietly complied with a worldwide boycott of Israeli products. But boycotts, like censorship, all too often take on absurd dimensions.

Witness the case of Mobil Oil Co. A London-based subsidiary, Mobil Marine Services, sent a letter to ships' chandlers, ordering them not to supply Mobil tankers with "any products of Israeli origin, or seeming to have Israeli or Jewish connections." Mobil's caution stems from the fact that the boycott has been intensified of late by the fanatically anti-Israel government of Libya. Whenever a tanker enters a Libyan port, it is searched. If there is anything aboard that has been made or grown in Israel, the owner of the ship is fined or the ves-

sel is seized. The Libyan government recently moved to new extremes, and so did Mobil. To the taboo list, the Libyan government added—and the company complied with—Jaffa orange juice canned in Norway or Canada and four products that have no Israeli connections at all: Brazilian beer and ginger ale, Trinidadian orange juice and Swedish matches. Reason: the labels of all four have six-pointed symbols vaguely similar to the Israeli Star of David. For example, Swedish Three-Star matches carry a trio of six-pointed symbols, and Brazilian Antarctica ginger ale has a six-pointed star on the label, though no one in the company can remember why.

ADVERTISING

Plugs Plugging Plugs

One of advertising's hardest conceits is that its TV commercials are better than the programs they punctuate. Trouble is, so many commercials are punctuating home-screen viewing these days that the messages blur into one another and are often lost. Now a Pittsburgh-based ad agency, Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, thinks that it has found a way around the get-lost problem. To grab more attention for a bank in the Houston area, the agency is running the first commercials for commercials.

Usually during the TV news shows, a craggy-faced middle-aged male model flashes on-screen. "In a few minutes," he says confidentially, "you are going to see a commercial for Texas Commerce Bank. I have a leading role in this commercial, and you will see me run down a very long corridor. The director made me run down that corridor 18 times. TV is a tough business." At the next commercial break, sure enough, the model appears. Now he is a bank manager scampering down a hallway toward a woman teller who shouts that the bank now has \$1 billion in trust. Manager and teller go into a slow-motion dance to the strains of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*.

The agency produced two 30-sec. commercials for its commercials. Tony Wake, the Ketchum vice president who dreamed up the idea, had little trouble selling it to the bank's officials, despite the cost of the extra promotions. In advertising, where few hesitate to imitate, the idea could well lead to a plethora of plugs plugging plugs.



THE THEATER

Frolicking with the Bard

The Royal Shakespeare Company's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a dazzling delight from beginning to end and a frolicsome homage to the Bard at which he himself might approvingly twinkle. Acclaimed on its opening in Stratford (Time, Oct. 19), the production has crossed the Atlantic undiminished in verve and excellence.

The show's director, Peter Brook, is a man of many devices. His chief device is to defeat the traditional expectations of the audience. His credo might be "Accentuate the opposite." This credo links *Marat Sade* with *King Lear* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Do we expect actors to move naturally on stage and to speak intelligible words? In *Marat Sade*, Brook made his actors move as if walking were a stylized, agonized abstraction of motion. The actors moaned, groaned, hissed and made surrealistic animal noises. Do we think of *Lear* as an arrogant red-hot-headed old king, his own Fool's fool? Brook gave us the first ice-cold *Lear*, a man who fully understands that his predicament is to be a puppet meaninglessly strung from a sky without gods.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Brook tactic is amplified. As experienced, the world of a dream is nocturnal and ill-defined. Brook sets his *Dream* within three sharp, blazingly white gym walls. For trees, Brook gives us heavy metal coils. Bueolic imagery becomes relentlessly urban.

Too Many Tricks? This is not to say that Brook has violated Shakespeare. However, the incessant sportive business of the production—still-walking, juggling, confetti and paper-nate throwing—makes one wonder a little about the Brook who has said that in today's theater "we must open our empty hands and show that really there is nothing up our sleeves." Is he not now committed to wearing a few too many tricks on his sleeve?

A Midsummer Night's Dream raises one further question. Both Peter Brook and Jerzy Grotowski, the astringently rigorous Polish director to whom Brook is partially indebted, have repeatedly claimed that they want to restore the theater to actors and actresses. Yet the results of this director-actor axis have ironically proved the opposite. Actors under Brook and Grotowski express Brook and Grotowski, rather in the manner of orchestras under the batons of Toscanini or Koussevitzky. Their group efforts are mesmerically disciplined, but their individuality seems submerged.

Perhaps Brook and Grotowski are caretakers of survival for an era in which drama is in abeyance or decline. Their productions are brilliant rockets that momentarily light up a dark creative sky that awaits the suns and moons of great and gifted playwrights.

■ T.E. Kalem

Perforated Valentine

*Backward, turn backward,
O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again
just for tonight!*

—Elizabeth Akers Allen

That is not what *No, No Nanette* does, but nostalgia is the impetus of the evening. Nostalgia is rampant in the presence of Ruby Keeler, 60, who emerges as a warmly appealing personality and dances with a valiant nimbleness. Nostalgia propels the tap-Rockette sequences of the Bushy Berkeley chorus, with its mass assembly-line dance routines supervised by the 75-year-old

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



RUBY KEELER IN 1935

The roar of the greasepaint; the rampancy of nostalgia.

B.B. himself. Even though *No, No Nanette* dates from 1925, the show more properly marks a reunion between Keeler and Berkeley, who in the early Depression era collaborated on such Warner Bros. extravaganzas as *42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Footlight Parade* and a spate of other Late Late Show Favorites. Ruby has spent 30 retirement years in the wings, most of the time happily married to an industrial builder. But the roar of the greasepaint has drawn her irresistibly back to Broadway, where she started her career at the age of 13 in the chorus of a musical called *The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly*.

If the yearnings of nostalgia sometimes contain a touch of morbidity, that is certainly present in the sets and costumes, which celebrate the supreme bad taste of the '20s, especially in women's dress. But nostalgia is not quite the appropriate word for the Vincent Youmans score, which has shown enduring vitality. Merely to mention the titles *Tea for Two* or *I Want to Be Happy* is to sum-

mon up the transporting glow that occasionally makes this show enchantment.

The book is one of those narrative toothpick trees that the '20s musicals utilized only to festoon with girls and dances. The central figure is a near-millionaire Bible publisher, whom Jack Gilford plays with gullible charm. Gilford is a kind of platonic sucker who has been gilding the palms of three voracious flappers without any amorous return on his investment. He doesn't want his wife (Keeler) to find out about it, and he orders his lawyer (Bobby Van) to buy and bargain his way out of the mess. It all adds up to a kind of micro-miniature Feydeau farce set in Atlantic City.

Question of Camp. The top professional honors of the evening go to Bobby Van, who dances like an Anglo-Saxon Zorba, and Helen Gallagher, the girl who

ST. FRIEDMAN—GODIN



DANCING IN "NO, NO NANETTE"

plays his wife. As she acts and sings ("Where-Hus-My-Hubby-Gone" Blues), a smoldering authentic Fitzgerald heroine comes alive on the stage. A special medal should be struck for Patsy Kelly as a comic howitzer of a maid with hilarious delayed-fuse timing.

The show is a copious delight, but it has a sizable temperamental flaw. No strict decision was made as to whether it should be played straight or campy, and the latter apparently won out as the lesser commercial risk. Camp is low-level satire, and it tends to destroy both the past and the present with a snicker. Far from being a "great creative sensibility," as acclaimed by Susan Sontag, camp is anti-sensibility. Its intrinsic nature is sterile, and it applies the tactic of *reductio ad absurdum* to imply that all cultural values are equally sterile. Thus at one moment *No, No Nanette* fashions an affectionate valentine to the past, and in the very next moment perforates it with a derisory dart from the present.

■ T.E.K.

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A man and a woman are in a store that appears to sell leather goods. The woman is wearing a bright red turtleneck sweater and a matching red skirt. The man is wearing a light-colored blazer over a striped shirt and dark trousers. He is holding a dark leather briefcase and looking down at it. The woman is looking at him. In the background, there are shelves and racks filled with various leather items, including bags and shoes.

Pigskin?
Or calf's hide?
One thing for sure,
for them it won't be an
imitation.

Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.



Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

BOOKS

Exit Mr. Campion

MR. CAMPION'S QUARRY by Youngman Carter. 237 pages. Morrow. \$5.95.

Somerset Maugham once observed that historians of the future—may find more to admire in contemporary mystery stories than in purely literary works. Unlike serious novelists, mystery writers must tell a good story and are judged principally on how they tell it.

The suspense novel, as Maugham pointed out, should be short, inventive and cleanly written, unencumbered by purple passages or digressions. The detective should be an agreeable and intriguing character—perhaps an eccentric, but never a cartoon. Few writers would pass Maugham's test more handsomely than the late Margery Allingham, who, along with Dame Agatha Christie and the late Dorothy Sayers, dominated a golden age of suspense that began in England after World War I. Her aristocratic sleuth, Mr. Albert Campion, survived four decades, 20 books and dozens of malefactors before his creator died in 1966. Even then, he did not retire immediately. Allingham's plots are full of Lazaruses. Taking that as his cue, the author's husband, Philip Youngman Carter, revived Mr. Campion for two more books until he too died in December 1969. *Mr. Campion's Quarry* is his final effort.

Miss Allingham's strength—and her husband's—is clear, serviceable prose, less careless than Agatha Christie's and less precious than Dorothy Sayers'. It must be

said, though, that Mr. Campion began life in *The Black Dudley Murder* (1928) in unflinching imitation of Sayers' ro-coco creation, Lord Peter Wimsey. Both were lean, languid young noblemen who spoke in the high whine that Waugh classified as the British upper class baying for broken glass. Both concealed great skill and cunning behind a façade of graceful, gratuitous vagueness.

Lord Peter expired after a mere eleven novels, smothered by the author's love for her creation. But Allingham took a critical look at her man. By *Death of a Ghost* (1934), Campion had dropped his drawl and the pose of an amateur adventurer and become a professional detective. He acquired a wife and child and a manservant, who had been a cat burglar until he put on weight.

No small part of the Allingham charm is her chariness with detail. Where Sayers gorges the reader with information about Lord Peter's mulish family and elegant tastes, Allingham drops only a few facts per book. In *Police at the Funeral*, for instance, the reader learns that Mr. Campion loathes and suppresses his Christian name, Rudolph, which makes it all the more astonishing to discover—eleven books later—that he has called his own son Rupert. Gradually, too, as the series progresses, a caste of



YOUNGMAN CARTER & MARGERY ALLINGHAM (ca. 1958)
The first murder was by "Potassium Cyanide."

semiregulars assembles: the policemen Gates and Luke, the trouble-prone Faraday clan, Sister Val. Perhaps the apotheosis of Campion's career occurred early in World War II in one of the best episodes, *Traitor's Purse*. He is called upon to save his embattled country from a massive, ruinous counterfeiting scheme, and he does—despite the fact that throughout the book he has amnesia induced by a blow on the head.

Campion aged at a favorable rate—30 years for 40. He also kept in touch with changing times. His last adventure finds him still trim at 60, helping an old friend sort out an egregious instance of industrial espionage. Despite the hero's fitness, *Mr. Campion's Quarry* is an autumnal book. His wife, the former Lady Amanda Fitton, is in the

States pursuing her longtime interest in aircraft design. He has given up his trophy-studded digs at 17A Bottle Street off Piccadilly for a service flat furnished—alas—in McGM Modern. Both friends and foes are approaching the end of active life and know it: long pauses punctuate their conversation, as if the speakers were savoring a cherished and disused ritual.

Mr. Campion led a coherent and selective life. But compared with his creator's, it was downright chaotic. Margery Allingham was born in Essex, the child of a couple who wrote popular fiction for a living. When she was seven, her father gave her a study of her own and the plot of a fairy tale—and instructions to rewrite it in as many ways as possible. Margery had other ideas, and shortly produced her first mystery under the pen name of "Potassium Cyanide." It concerned the death of her governess.

She seemed never to lose either that precocity or a clear-eyed control of her destiny. A totally retiring woman, she once wrote: "All my life has been spent in the same place, a comparatively small area of London and the coast. I have been married to the same man since I was 23, and was engaged to him when I was 17. I have lived for 30 years in the house I knew well as a girl." Her first book was published in 1921, when she was 17—with a jacket designed by another 17-year-old, Youngman Carter. They fell in love and married in 1927, the year she dreamed up Mr. Campion. Campion soon made them comfortable enough to settle on the edge of the Essex salt marshes in a house surrounded by orchards and formal gardens. Margery Allingham thrived in this back-ground of tweed, tracker dogs and luncheon parties. A large, loud-voiced woman with gusty enthusiasms and a love of 1920s slang, she avoided interviews, lectures and all the public aspects of authorship.

English literature boasts many imaginative women who achieved fame while leading circumscribed lives—Mrs. Gaskell, Jane Austen, the Brontës. But, as Margery Allingham once said proudly, "To have achieved it on the east coast of England in the years from 1904 on is something of a feat in itself." Eras are harder to kill than cats. Lay one pompously to rest and it will be found stretched out someplace else. Yet the rich fictional genre of the English gentleman-detective seems as near to its close as Miss Allingham's way of life. There will be no more Mr. Campions.

■ Martha Duffy

Leaves of Grass

DEALING OF THE BERKELEY TO-BOSTON FORTY-BRICK LOST-BAG BLUES by "Michael Douglas." 222 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

This is a deft little novel—and more. It is a shaggy-dog story about marijuana that will amuse potheads, yet remain palatable to middle-class matrons who wonder why Junior is both amor-

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phous and resentful. In short, a very slick piece of work.

With Michael Crichton as one-half of the author, it should be. Though only 28, Crichton has already found time to graduate from medical school and write two popular books—*The Andromeda Strain* (sci-fi) and *Five Patients* (medical reportage). Unlike most other young describers of the world of grass, he knows the value of clarity and coherence. As a full-fledged (though non-practicing) doctor, he certainly does not inflate pot; he seems to see it simply as a pleasurable, nonaddictive drug somewhat less harmful than alcohol. Moreover, Michael has a kid brother Douglas, a student with a fine ear for the funky idiom of youth plus patent expertise about marijuana as a commodity and a mystique. Combining their talents under the pseudonym "Michael Douglas," the Crichton boys manufactured *Dealing* in a matter of months.

Means of Escape. Their narrator-hero, Peter Harkness, is a product of the affluent suburbs, a student at Harvard and a "good head." The story starts with his flying trip to Berkeley to pick up ten bricks of righteous grass. From there, the plot hurtles forward with pace, plausibility and a cast that would do credit to an Ian Fleming thriller. Meet Musty the connection, who regularly runs 2,000 kilos of pot—no more, no less—from Mexico to California; John Thayer Hartnup III, Harvard's richest student and biggest dealer; Sukie, of the long legs and golden tan, whose love scenes with Peter seem cribbed from quondam TV cigarette commercials. Eventually, Sukie is seized with 40 bricks of marijuana in Boston. It all ends as some sort of upside-down revisionist *Gangbusters*, with the grass-blowing "criminals" in smug pursuit of a narcotics officer.

Peter's tone of voice as he tells the story keeps the plot from lapsing into farce. Melancholy, not revolutionary fervor, afflicts him. Tolerantly, he still laughs at his father's dull jokes and politely listens to his college adviser. Nevertheless, he speaks for ambivalent, marijuana-struck youth when he wryly observes the machinelike aspects of civilization and objects to the meaninglessness of a life in which people become what they are "least afraid of becoming." Given such a context, Peter calculates that pot, with all its drawbacks, provides a means of honest and pleasurable rebellion and escape.

The problem that dominates the book is not escape and enjoyment but mechanical procurement. Even though most people frown on dealing in marijuana—after all, it is against the law—the authors describe passing the stuff as just an exhilarating sport. By treating grass with such lightheartedness, the Crichton boys send a controversial message directly to a wide audience. *Dealing*, etc., is not really about a flip caper; it is a subliminal plea to legalize pot.

• Philip Herrera

The Forked-Tongue Syndrome

BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE
by Dee Brown. 487 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$10.95.

On Dec. 29, 1890, nearly 500 troops of the U.S. 7th Cavalry opened fire on a bedraggled band of Minneconjou Sioux at Wounded Knee Creek, S. Dak. When the last carbine bullet splattered to a stop and the final Hotchkiss shell exploded, more than half the 350 Indian men, women and children were dead. Many were slaughtered as they lay wounded in their tents. Others were hunted down in the surrounding gulies. The massacre concluded with a heavy snowfall that shrouded the dead and closed one of the most distorted periods in U.S. history.

After Wounded Knee, the Plains Indians never again offered serious armed resistance to the manifestors of Amer-

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



DEAD CHIEF AT WOUNDED KNEE, 1890
No discounts to Indians.

ican destiny. Decades of worthless treaties, search-and-destroy missions, pacification programs, enforced relocations and free-fire zones ended there. The remnants of the Sioux, Cheyenne, Apache and other tribes were concentrated on unfertile, game-poor reservations, where they were bilked by corrupt agents and died of disease, malnutrition and melancholia.

It is not an unfamiliar story. In the last decade or so, after almost a century of saloon art and horse operas that romanticized Indian fighters and white settlers, Americans have been developing a reasonably acute sense of the injustices and humiliations suffered by the Indians. But the details of how the West was won are not really part of the American consciousness. This is hardly unusual. Despite the need to establish credit with the future, people and nations rarely acknowledge their debts to the past.

Like a number of scholars, novelists and moviemakers, Dee Brown, Western historian and head librarian at the Uni-

versity of Illinois, now attempts to balance the account. With the zeal of an IRS investigator, he audits U.S. history's forgotten set of books. Compiled from old but rarely exploited sources plus a fresh look at dusty Government documents, *Bury My Heart at the Wounded Knee* tallies the broken promises and treaties, the provocations, massacres, discriminatory policies and condescending diplomacy.

Against this accumulation one sees the Indians' dwindling hopes, illuminated by flashes of courage and desperate efforts to resist slow annihilation. There were the brilliantly waged wars of chiefs Red Cloud, Little Crow, Crazy Horse and Gall, as well as stoic efforts to save their people by Sitting Bull and Black Kettle.

In an attempt to see history through Indian eyes, Brown liberally enlists the embittered eloquence of the Indians themselves. Following the cliché, most of them actually do speak "with heavy hearts" about their betrayals. Some, like Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, are sharply ironic. "We do not want churches," he told a white agent. "They will teach us to quarrel about God. We may quarrel with men sometimes about things on this earth, but we never quarrel about God."

Indelible Statistics. The Government estimated that during the Plains Wars it had cost more than \$1,000,000 to kill one Indian. The price the Plains Indians paid cannot be calculated in time and money, although Dee Brown offers some indelible statistics. For example, the Government offered the Sioux \$400,000 a year for the mineral rights to their sacred Black Hills; one mine alone yielded more than \$500 million in gold. Of the estimated 3,700,000 buffalo killed from 1872 through 1874, only 150,000 were killed by Indians. The rest were slaughtered by white hunters for skins and for meat to feed rail workers, or by "sportsmen" who left the carcasses to rot. The destruction of the buffalo broke the cultural, ecological and spiritual links in the chain of Indian existence. This was not without its uses. "Let them kill, skin and sell until the buffalo is exterminated," said General Philip Sheridan, a Civil War hero. "It is the only way to bring lasting peace and allow civilization to advance."

The civilization Sheridan was concerned about continues to advance. A recent report by the N.A.A.C.P. and Harvard's Center for Law and Education charged that federal funds appropriated for Indian education have been siphoned off for white schools. The discovery of immense oil deposits on Alaska's North Slope threatens to uproot thousands of Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians. In Custer State Park in the Black Hills of South Dakota, the buffalo have grown so numerous that the state allows hunting. A license to shoot buffalo costs \$500. There are no discounts to Indians.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

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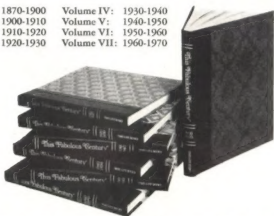
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